

The Canadian Woman's Magazine

Chatelaine

FEBRUARY, 1944

STILL ONLY

10¢

IN THIS ISSUE:

● Clare Boothe Luce
says "Women Can
Win the Peace"





"I see romance in your hand, Betty—but not in your smile!"



"The lines of your hand are an open book, Betty—you were meant to be lucky in love! But darling, you're letting your smile interfere with your fortune! Tender, sensitive gums, you know, can be a handicap to a sparkling smile. A tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush is a warning, darling—better see your dentist!



"Yes, Miss Chamberlain, sparkling teeth and a bright smile depend a great deal on healthy gums! Soft foods rob gums of exercise—often make them tender. I suggest gum massage—for extra stimulation." (Note: A nationwide survey shows dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice for personal use.)



"What a fool I was not to realize gums, too, need care! From now on I'm using Ipana and massage regularly to help keep my gums firmer. I love Ipana's clean, fresh taste! And that stimulating tingle when I massage my gums seems to tell me they're improving. My teeth are brighter already!"

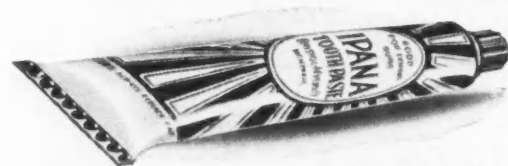


A Prediction Comes True! Betty, to herself: "That fortune teller said a man would cross my path. Well, he has—and he's wonderful! What a thrill to hear him say he fell in love with me the minute I smiled! I owe plenty of my good fortune to Ipana and massage and the way it has helped my smile."

Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"—heed it's warning!

IF YOU see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist and get his advice. His verdict may be that modern, soft foods have robbed your gums of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. Like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier, more attractive smile!



A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

Start Today—with Ipana and Massage

First call for Breakfast!



BOY, DO I LIKE
'EM, THEY'RE
THE BEST EVER



I ALWAYS SERVE
OGILVIE CEREALS.
MY FAMILY SAYS
THEY'RE TOPS!

They taste Better because They are Better

GOODY, GOODY,
MAY I HAVE
SOME MORE?



TONIK ON MY CEREAL GIVES
ME B VITAMINS — THAT'S
WHY I FEEL SWELL



OGILVIE CEREALS GIVE NECESSARY VITAMINS AND PROTECTIVE PROTEINS

WHEN BUYING
CEREALS, REMEMBER

IF IT'S "OGILVIE" IT'S GOOD!

and Footnotes

different answer, so, from now on, anything can happen and Adele won't be surprised. The only sure thing the future holds is lots of new ideas for the beauty department—because the cosmetic industry is gearing itself for postwar expansion: it's all set to go just as soon as the Government lifts the lid off restrictions.

Lower left, Adele is discussing hair-do and makeup problems with one of our best known beauty specialists.



CHATELAINE is the only woman's magazine which sent a representative to report on the conference, held in Ottawa last December, on venereal disease control in Canada. We feel the outcome of this conference should be of vital concern to every Canadian who has the welfare of this country at heart. On page 16 *Chatelaine* brings you a detailed account of the program laid down by members of the conference for an all-out battle against V.D.

Lieutenant-Colonel Donald Williams, of the Royal Canadian Medical Corps, whose picture appears below, is the spearhead of this coming attack. Colonel Williams started his medical career with the Mayo Clinic and later moved to British Columbia where he tried out his ideas for the eradication of V.D.—with amazingly successful results. At that time venereal disease was spreading at an alarming rate in Vancouver because of its position as a seaport and its proximity to the Orient. Colonel Williams tackled the problem by meticulous case-finding, which entailed long hours of hard work. Not only did he give those who were brought in for treatment physical examinations, but also he cross-examined them to find out where they had been and whom they'd been with. This information Colonel Williams handed over to the Department of Public Health, who tracked down the sources of infection and cleaned them up.



THE DIFFICULTY of merging a career and marriage is the theme of "Black Spiced With White," by Eleanore Kelley Sellars, one of *Chatelaine's* new fiction writers. Born in a small town in Pennsylvania, she is a graduate of Wellesley College. (It seems we've been hearing a lot about Wellesley grads who've made headlines these days—Madame Chiang Kai-Shek; Captain Mildred MacAsee (head of the Waves), Marcia Davenport, novelist, etc.

After a year abroad Eleanore married and went to live in New York where she did free-lance advertising for agencies. This special type of work came to an end when her husband was moved upstate. To alleviate boredom Eleanore tried her hand at mystery yarns, with highly satisfactory results—in 1941 she won the Red Badge prize for "Murder A La Mode."

When United States entered the war, Eleanore's husband joined the Army. She is now settled in San Francisco, for the duration, devoting herself pretty exclusively to fiction writing.



ANNE HOMER WARNER is well known to *Chatelaine* readers. She comes of a talented family—her father, Sidney Homer, is a composer, her mother, Louise Homer, was a celebrated singer and her husband, Robert Warner, is also a writer. Anne tells us that unless she has a story on the fire, so to speak, she feels restless and upset—and so do we! In "I Can't Believe We Just Met," Anne tells a very human story of college life.

"We've all gotta keep in Fighting Trim!"



THAT's right, Baby. Your Mother's first duty to her country is to see that you—and your whole family—keep well this winter.

And one of the important health precautions that you can take, Mother, is to keep your household hygienically clean with germ-killing Lysol. In war-time, epidemics are more likely... doctors and nurses are scarce... *everybody* needs greater protection from disease-carrying germs. So make Lysol disinfectant a regular part of your daily cleaning. Should sickness come in spite of your precautions, don't let infection spread! Quick—use Lysol to wash everything your patient touches... dishes, furniture, bedding, basin, toilet.

Lysol is economical because it's concentrated. Practical, because it's soapy in nature—cleans as it disinfects. Look *now* to see if you have everything you need should sickness strike. Be prepared!

DON'T BE CAUGHT WITHOUT THESE SICKROOM NEEDS!

FEVER THERMOMETER
Don't guess about sickness

CHEMICAL HEATING PAD
Comfort aching muscles, chilly feet

BEDPAN
Keep patient in bed

ABSORBENT COTTON
A dozen sickroom uses

FIRST AID KIT
Act fast in emergencies

Keep a bottle in the Bathroom... one in the Kitchen. Save time and steps

Lysol Disinfectant
Copyright, 1944, by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd.

What many doctors
think about that cold of yours



VIRUS frequently starts it

FATIGUE often helps it along

GERMS can make it troublesome

Research showed that antiseptic gargle used early, often and regularly, may help head off a cold or lessen its severity

The time to get after a cold is when it is just getting started. Intelligent precautionary measures may avert a great deal of trouble.

Outstanding medical opinion now holds that a virus initiates many colds. Then a potentially troublesome family of germs, called the Secondary Invaders, may stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, drafts, wet or cold feet, or sudden changes of temperature.

Attack Germs Before They Attack You

There is considerable evidence to show that if this "mass invasion" can be averted the course of a cold itself may be checked.

That is why it is important, at the very first symptom, to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. This delightful amber germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces, to kill millions of these Secondary Invaders.

That is why, we believe, tests made over a period of twelve years showed such remarkable results.

Fewer Colds & Sore Throats, Tests Showed

Think of it! Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly twice a day had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. When colds did develop they were generally milder in character.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to start

gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Its best record makes it a distinctly worth while precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., (Canada) LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

Listerine Antiseptic reduced surface germs as much as 96.7% in tests

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

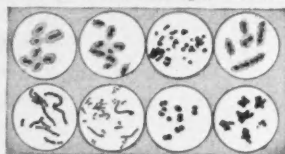


Before



After

The threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

MADE IN CANADA

TRUSTWORTHY, RELIABLE, SAFE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS

Foreword



CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, author, playwright and politician, has, once and for all, ended that old cliché, "beautiful but dumb." In Washington circles she is known as the Beautiful Brain, the Candor Kid and the Wise-cracking Glamour Woman from Connecticut. Clear-eyed, eloquent and vivacious, Clare is the counterpart of American-born Lady Astor, who was the first woman to be elected to the British Parliament. Both are noted for their plain-speaking criticisms of government policy.

Although Clare is the wife of the well-known publisher, Henry Luce, she has never leaned on his reputation. Fourteen years ago she began her career as a writer, then became associate editor of Vogue, and then famous as the author of three successful plays, "The Women," "Kiss The Boys Good-by" and "Margin For Error." In 1940, just before the fall of France, she was in Europe and on her return made herself known to serious-minded Americans by her book, "Europe in the Spring." Always a warm supporter of the Chinese, Clare visited Chiang Kai-Shek and his wife in Chungking and then went to Burma just ahead of the invading army of Japs.

More than anything else, Clare longed to be a war correspondent. Before she was elected to Congress she applied for a return of her passport so that she might revisit China. The State Department hesitated; Clare threatened, "Give me my passport or, by golly, I'll run for Congress!" They refused and she did.

To most women Clare is known for her up-to-the-minute flair for fashion (note the hair-do in this picture and compare it with a slightly more recent photograph on the following page where she is smooth-on-top, the last word in hair styles). But fads and fashions play a minor role in her life. In this issue *Chatelaine* brings you a thoughtful, postwar planning Clare, who anticipates the time when men will take up their jobs again and women will return to the home. Clare hands out some sound and serious advice to women on how to make the most of their lives.

☆ ☆ ☆



CHATELAINE'S Beauty Editor, Adele White, has just returned from a trip to New York, with an out-of-this-world look in her eye—having been lunched, dined and partied by hospitable members of cosmetic firms. At one cocktail party she had her fortune told by ten experts, each one using a different method and arriving at a

Chatelaine for February

The biggest mistakes in this decade of blunders were made by men; but were endorsed by the overwhelming silence of women . . . It mustn't happen again, says this brilliant analyst of her sex



Women Can Win the Peace

By Clare Boothe Luce

IN DARKEST Europe, where the Germans vainly seek to dominate the people body, mind and soul, many anonymous heroines are playing tag with death in the "underground." They are printing and distributing clandestine newspapers, spreading Allied propaganda, committing those acts of sabotage which, though usually minor, have done incalculable damage to the morale of the Germans.

Naturally, we get very little precise information on the work of these women of the underground, but we respect and honor them in absentia next only to the men who are

fighting our battles in Europe and the Pacific.

Their tales of heroism are tales to be told by the postwar hearthside. Today we praise the women warworkers of the overground—the overall girls.

Today in the United States the woman warworker, with her wrinkled slacks and her grease-smudged face, is the heroine of the hour. She is glorified in movies, in comic strips, in current fiction; she has replaced the glamour girl and the movie star on magazine covers.

If she had not taken her place on the production line, our side would still be fighting a war of too little and too late. Hers is the fist,

if not the face, that has launched a thousand ships, hers the skill that built the planes that are blasting the Germans in Europe and the Japs in the Pacific.

In Canada, where fewer women normally accept private employment than in most of the other western democracies, nearly two million women are now at work, as against 900,000 in 1940. In the United States there were 17,400,000 women workers in August, 1943—5,200,000 of them married and living with their husbands. Both countries are striving to add women to their labor force, and in America the goal is 18,000,000 women workers by July of this year (1944).

When peace comes, millions of these American women and thousands of the Canadian women will form a labor surplus. The U.S. Department of Labor has estimated that there will be 12,000,000 unemployed in my country during the first six months after the war unless there is a vast public works program, and even with such a program unemployment in the transition period of industry from war to peace is expected to be near the 7,000,000 mark.

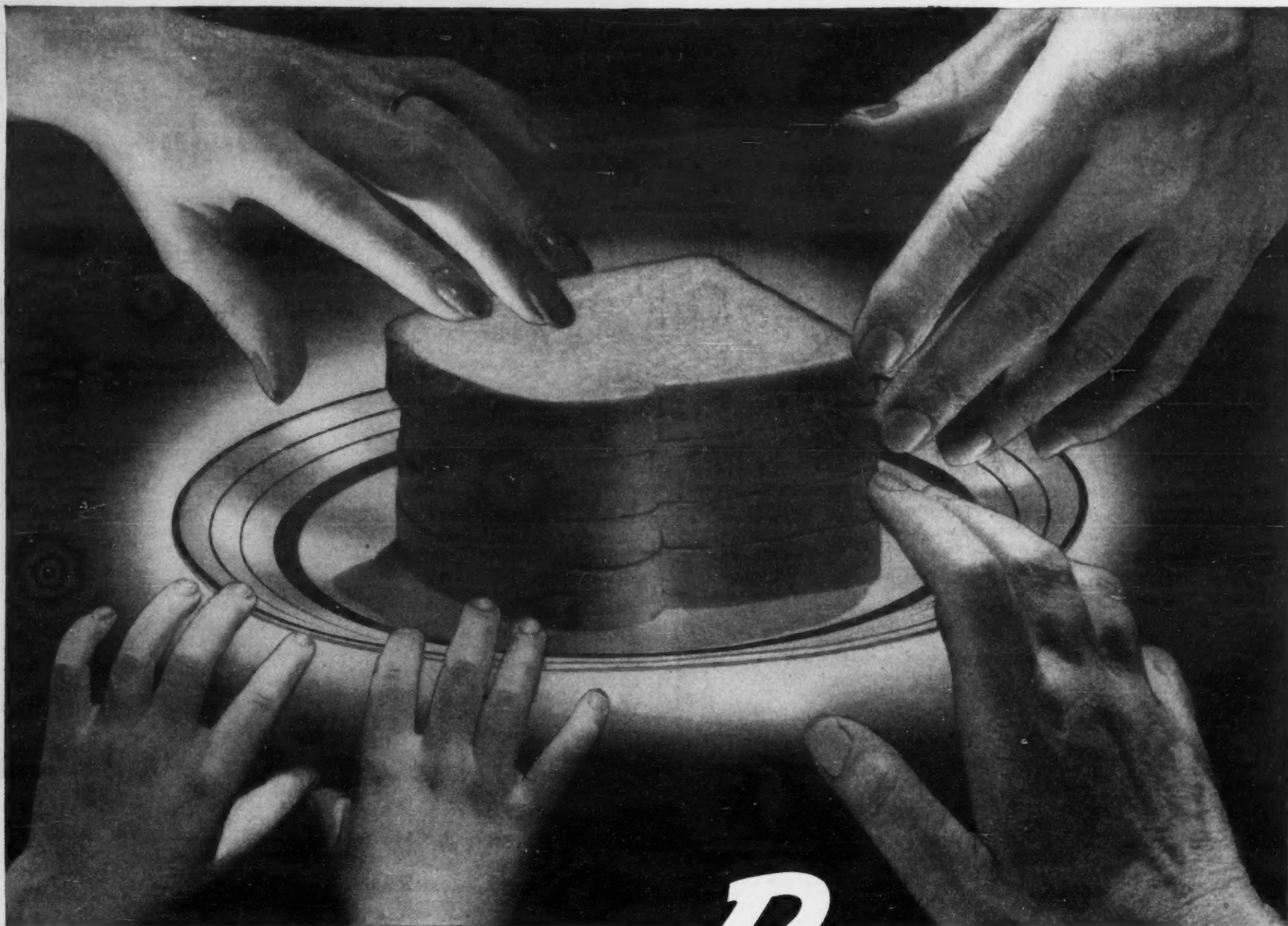
CANADA, according to a Gallup Poll, has definitely decided the course it will take with regard to women workers. Seventy-five per cent of the Canadian men who were polled and a remarkable 68% of the women said that men should be given the first chance in any competition for postwar jobs.

A Gallup Poll in the United States revealed an entirely different viewpoint. Here 56% of our women warworkers announced that they planned to stay on at their jobs after the war and another 13% said they were undecided. 35% of the married woman expressed either a desire—or determination—to continue to work.

Further evidence of the mood of American women workers is this declaration issued by the Women's Advisory Committee of the U.S. War Manpower Commission on May 17, 1943: "The Government and industry must not assume that all women can be treated as the reserve group during war only, nor should those who wish to stay in the labor market be accused of taking men's jobs. The right of the individual woman to work must be recognized and provided for, just as the right of the individual man to work."

No one can question the legality of this statement, but morally it may be as wrong as the legal foreclosure of a mortgage on a poor widow. To be sure, before the war there were 2,500,000 women in America who were already the heads of families, with one or more persons depending upon them for support. When the war is over there will be millions of others who must support themselves and, in many cases, contribute toward the support of someone else—a wounded soldier husband or their war-orphaned children. These women must work and they have every right to their jobs.

Continued on next page



HELP YOURSELF TO **BREAD**

$\frac{1}{4}$ of Canada's food energy comes from bread!

THERE'S NO MYSTERY about being energy-hungry in wartime! Longer hours, more strenuous work, naturally call for more *energy* food. Two slices of bread at mealtime are *not enough* today!

If you're putting in overtime at the office—or running a home with little or no help—if you're a shipbuilder or a mechanic—you're burning up more energy than ever before.

Now—you've got to have more energy food to keep going—and bakers' bread—at least 3 slices every meal—is your best and cheapest way to get it.

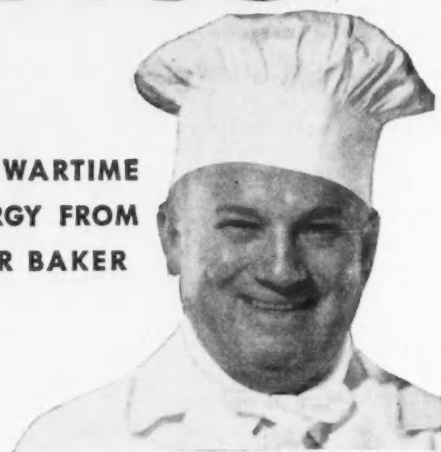
When you buy delicious, golden-crust bread from your local baker—each slice comes to your table packed with vital energy.

Every crumb is easily digested—quickly assimilated. There's no residue for the body to cast off.

And the energy bread gives you is *lasting*. Unlike other carbohydrates, bread provides energy-stamina that “stays” with you.

Remember—bread is almost solid energy—the “staff” of your wartime efficiency diet. So reach for an extra slice of bread each meal!

**BUY WARTIME
ENERGY FROM
YOUR BAKER**



The bread your local baker supplies takes on added importance in wartime. It is your richest and cheapest source of food-energy. And made with milk, or eaten with milk, it is an important source of protein for building and repairing muscle.

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast
as a contribution to the advancement of
Canadian National Health

*** IN WARTIME EAT ONE MORE SLICE OF BREAD EACH MEAL ***

Black *spiced with* White

ON THE day that Mona Kimbridge first met the woman, they were lunching at Trescher's, but not together. Mona was alone at a table for two next to the balcony rail. She seldom lunched alone and practically never at Trescher's, which was large and invariably crowded, preferring lunch on a tray in her office or, when she was seeing a client, the quiet distinction of her club. Now, surrounded by prosperous-looking suburban women downtown for a day's shopping, she felt the cool tolerance of the professional for the amateur. Although themselves well dressed and well groomed their appraising glances, when the hostess ushered Mona to her table, had tacitly offered admiration. She was wearing a black suit and hat with white blouse and gloves. Her shoes and bag were black, and she was a living embodiment of that intangible elegance which not one woman out of a hundred thousand can achieve.

Some women wear black because it is practical; some wear it to lessen the visual impact of their contours or from sheer lack of imagination. A few, like Mona Kimbridge, wear it with conscious effectiveness. "Black spiced with white," the ads call it, or then again, "black with stark white." Mona knew all the ways in which those two words had ever been combined for the purpose of making women on this continent discover what the French have long known—that "black with white" and "chic" can be made synonymous. Occasionally she found a new way of combining the words in a headline and when that happened, a wave of self-confident elation swept through her. There were moments when Mona Kimbridge admitted to herself, and was not above intimating to others, that her creative gifts as stylist and publicity director were scarcely to be surpassed.

Waiting to give her order, she began her usual professional and slightly arrogant appraisal of the women about her. She could estimate accurately both the cost of a woman's costume and the time she spent in a beauty parlor. Near by were one or two women who, she musingly conceded, understood the fundamental tenets of good fashion. The majority were comfortably content with the negative achievement of having avoided bad taste. But, seated at the next table along the rail and facing her, was a woman whose gift for the incompatible in garments and grooming amounted to genius.

MONA KIMBRIDGE, perfectionist and idolator of fashion, felt first a shudder of distaste and then, true to type, thought, "If I could just get my hands on that woman! What I could do with her!" Unself-consciously, with the abstraction of the sculptor looking at a block of marble from which he would chisel a masterpiece, Mona analyzed the woman across the two tables. She wore a black suit and hat with a white blouse. The suit had been designed for the teen age, and the woman's breasts, which needed to be emphasized and rounded, were flattened out, giving her body a gaunt sterile look. The suit was collarless, and from the flat round collar of the blouse rose a too-

long, too-thin neck. In a mistaken effort to conceal the length of the neck, her bobbed hair was cut to an awkward length and hung in discouragement, pulling downward the lines of the narrow face. Over the right eye she had tilted a diminutive hat which should have perched atop a cluster of curls. So absorbed was Mona in the mental process of getting the stranger into some different clothes and jerking her hair up on her head that she completely missed the little drama being enacted beside her. But she was startled back to consciousness when the woman rose and came over to her.

"Would you mind if I joined you at this table?" she asked. Mona was aware of several sharply conflicting sensations. First, chagrin at having been unwittingly rude, second, annoyance that her privacy should be intruded upon and, finally, a sharp astonishment at the unusual beauty of the woman's voice. She heard her own voice answer cordially, "Why, certainly."

The woman turned quickly and spoke to the hostess whom Mona now discovered standing by her side. "I'll sit at this table," she said, "and you can give my table to that young couple." She smiled, and her smile was unexpectedly as sweet as her voice. "When a man's in uniform," she explained, "there's always a chance that it might be their last meal together."

Surprise and appreciation were mingled in the hostess' reply, "Thank you so much. I hated to put them at a table with another couple, but they're in such a hurry."

She crossed to a nearby table for four and bent over a young sailor. A moment later he and the shining-haired girl beside him had risen and were crossing to the empty table which the woman had just left, their faces alight with pleasure. Again Mona's voice surprised her. It said, "That was thoughtful and understanding of you," and there was a little quiver of emotion in it which her voice had not held for years.

"Young love is always a beautiful thing to see," the woman replied, "but in days like these it is also infinitely touching."

Mona picked up the menu and made a pretense of looking at it. For some reason she felt that she had been challenged, but after a moment's reflection she realized that the impression was quite ridiculous. The woman across from her was just a rank sentimentalist—unquestionably, an old maid. However, since she couldn't be completely ignored, Mona decided to contribute a few courteous words and then return to the gratifying self-indulgence of analyzing other women's costumes.

"I remember," she remarked, "an incident which occurred during my last year at designing school. Jim—he's my husband now—was making his first business trip West. It was his second year out of college and a business trip seemed very important." Mona's laugh was indulgent. "He had a few hours' stopover here and was waiting for me when I came out of art class. We went to a drugstore and drank sodas for half an hour and I cut a class to ride back downtown with him. When we got on the streetcar, + Continued on page 20

For years Mona Kimbridge, style expert, had been mentally re-dressing other women. Today, as she looked across the table, you could almost read her thoughts . . . if I could just get my hands on that girl . . .



Nevertheless, there are other women workers who, tomorrow as today, will chiefly use their salaries to purchase luxuries. These are the women who work for "cake" and, if they continue to work in time of depression, they can keep male heads of families from earning even their families' daily bread.

However logical or rational it may be theoretically, practically it will not hold water to tell an unemployed veteran of Salerno or Guadalcanal or Manila or El Alamein or Dunkirk that these women have as much "right" to work as any man.

If there is any postwar scramble for the available jobs between war veterans and well-dressed, well-fed, well-situated lady veterans of the assembly plant, I fear that the women will either fall or be pushed with scant chivalry from the lofty pedestal of popularity on which they are now standing.

OF COURSE this does not refer to those women who must work to maintain themselves or their dependents, nor to the career or professional woman who works out of sheer love of the task. The talented and skilled professional woman is always needed because—whatever the economic situation—no country ever has enough good artists, good doctors, good teachers, good lawyers or good persons in any of the skilled professions.

But those women who do not have to work and who were introduced to jobs by the war should accept gracefully a postwar honorable discharge at the factory or the office and go back to the job which is still uniquely theirs—homemaking. This they must do unless the demand on our factories and fields by the nations that must be rehabilitated is great enough to keep both them and their returned menfolk all prosperously working. In my own opinion this could easily happen, but it is not the view held by most economists.

If there is a depression or period of unemployment, it will be no argument to say that women do not want to be considered a wartime labor reserve. All the able-bodied men of America are always considered a wartime military reserve, subject to call when their country is in danger and to dismissal when the war has ended. Such service is a patriotic obligation to the male citizens and few dare even to protest it, though its wages are often death. Why should women feel that they are not bound by similar laws, even though their war service has thus far not been compulsory, has never involved great physical risk and has been, on the whole, profitable?

But saying that millions of American women should return to their homes and thousands of Canadian women should return to theirs after the war does not mean that from then on the lives of these demobilized and honorably discharged women warworkers should be emotionally and intellectually bounded by the gas stove and the kitchen sink—or even the cradle. Just because they go "home," their horizons need not be delimited by getting the Sunday dinner and balancing the household budget.

There is a definite postwar job for the American housewife and the Canadian housewife—a job that has not been filled, though every headline in the newspapers for the last decade should have read like a help-wanted-ad directed to our housewives. The housewife is, in a sense, a member of a great semi-leisure class, a class that has some leisure to do the things that must be done if we are to have a better world—the things that women best can do. That is to help bring the nation to a true political awareness of the problems of war and peace by taking a greater part than ever before in the political life and thought stream of their country.

Unfortunately, it must be said that women have not lived up to the high hopes that were held for them in this capacity when they were granted the right to vote in the United States and Canada. They have not reformed politics with their gentle presence, though because of them politicians today have better manners

than they once had. Women have never fully exercised their franchise nor informed themselves on current issues. Too often even those who have gone to the trouble to become informed citizens have confined themselves to complaining privately to one another that the men were making an awful mess of things. But, with notable exceptions, the great masses of American and Canadian women did nothing constructive to untangle the mess before it was too late.

Too often their most energetic efforts on behalf of peace consisted of occasionally picketing government buildings when the forces of war were already in motion and could not be stopped. Most women from 1932 to 1939 said, if not in words, in effect: "Oh, dear, we're going to have another war," and then carefully looked the other way and tried to concentrate on the day's wash or the newest fashion, so this upsetting prophecy would not spoil the day for them.

MANY WOMEN, publishers' polls showed, stopped reading the papers entirely when the news, after Munich, became too troubling. This intellectual boycott of bad news, this escaping and fact-evading made many women insensibly Hitler's allies. Many women did not like to think a war was coming, so many husbands made an effort not to discuss it with them, and the net of it all was—families were not emotionally prepared for it—and the war came anyway.

If, instead of privately bemoaning the trend of the time or looking the other way, the masses of women of America and Canada had dipped into that store of magnificent realism which all women possess, though some conceal it cleverly, and had used their voting power, their voices and their influence to prepare our countries for war, World War II might never have come off—and they would not have lost so many sons and husbands on the battlefields.

But it is idle now to speculate on what might have happened if American women had realistically insisted that their Government employ their jobless menfolk in the construction of ships and planes and tools of war, instead of having them raking leaves and boondoggling. It is futile to wish that the women of America, instead of thinking we could have peace simply by not preparing for war, had demanded that their Government take a definite, positive, unequivocal stand beside Britain and France and, at an early date, Russia—against the then somewhat timid and tentative forces of Rome, Berlin and Tokyo. The biggest mistakes in the decade of blunders were made by men, but they were endorsed by the overwhelming silence of the women.

The last war convinced women that they had the right to vote, and there is some reason to hope that this war will move them to exercise that right and the other rights of citizenship with the wisdom, the energy and the sometimes very annoying (to men) tenacity that is peculiar to them.

If women of a town, of a province or state, of a nation and of the world are divided on many issues, at least they share—the Canadian women with the women of Germany, the American women with those of Japan—a realistic desire for peace and for the social betterment of their communities and their countries. If the women should ever decide to work together for these goals, they would succeed. They will not be dogged and discredited by the centuries of failure which handicap the efforts of all men, because men have a way of redoubling their efforts as they lose sight of their goals, or abandoning their goals for personal and often selfish objectives.

Yes, this semi-leisure class of tomorrow's housewives will not be a class of bridge players, of tea sippers, of gossip mongers. It will consist of women whose experience and knowledge has been enriched by a war record on a production line or driving a bus or typing in an office, and it will be a class with no petty aims or selfish goals. + Continued on page 38

By
Eleanore Kelley Sellars

Illustrated by John Jones





Ptes. Margaret Smith of Kimberley, B.C.; Mary Kuetz, Kitchener, Ont.; Rosemary Ball, Vancouver; Peggy Moore, Victoria, B.C.; Maude Latto, New Denver, B.C.; Betty Bell, Ottawa, are spending the evening "at home."

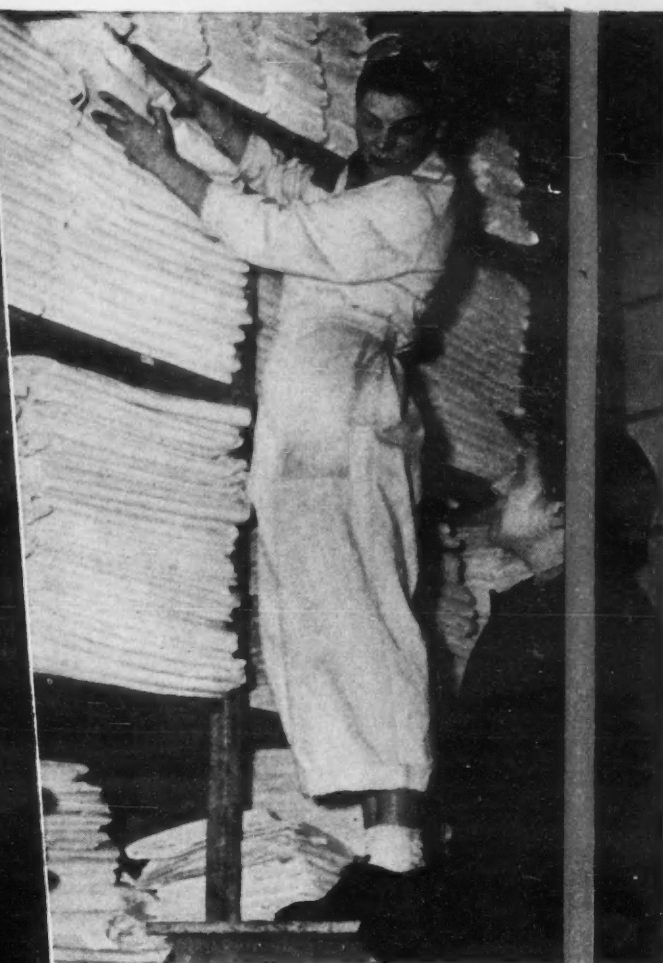


Are they happy? That's one of the first questions asked about Canadian Army girls on service overseas. You'll find the answer in this eye-witness account sent back by Mary-Etta Macpherson, Chatelaine's Managing Editor, now in England.

indeed that a Fleet Street man said to me one day, "Your CWACS look so businesslike I often wonder if they ever relax."

Well, they do, in good normal Canadian girl fashion, and in some of the pleasantest relaxing quarters any Army personnel ever possessed. Come with me for a moment on a quick tour of the London CWAC barracks.

At the great mansion where the Forty-first Company are housed, meet Captain Janet Beatty of Toronto, the officer commanding, and let her guide you through the black and white marble halls, the high-ceilinged lounge rooms where sofas and big chairs are grouped against carved panelling. Like as not, Muffet, the mascot pup, will frisk around your heels as you make the trip. He's a thoroughly ♦ Continued on page 45



This army-run laundry handles a quarter million pounds every week. Capt. English, Vancouver, and Sgt. Strato, London, sort piles of linen.



"Chelsea" buns are tops with the CWACS. Especially when they're turned out by the expert hands of Pte. Matilda Larkin, P.E.I.



Major Alice Sorby, Senior Staff Officer of the Canadian Women's Army Corps in Britain, talks over administration problems with Sgt. Gladys Hurst, Brantford, at C.M.Hq.



One of the important jobs taken over by our CWACS in England is that of running a static base laundry. Pte. Jane Shaddock, of Winnipeg, and Pte. Ethel Nightingale, of Vancouver, are members of the Administrative Staff.



All CWAC photographs on this page were taken exclusively for Chatelaine.

They do their job with cheerful efficiency. They seem to give off an air of brisk health and competence. "These Canadian Army girls are smart!" say the English

With the CWACS Overseas : By Mary-Etta Macpherson

THE "TOOTER" had sounded just as the train pulled in. I had arrived in London coincidentally with my first air raid. Except for some misted moonlight shining through the glass roof, the station was in complete darkness and the chaos of arriving troops and civilians, porters and trunks, hurrying shouting figures and shadowy outlines of others content to wait patiently beside their luggage could hardly be imagined. Suddenly out of the darkness and against the diapason of distant ack-ack guns, a soldierly voice called out names and we were guided to an Army station wagon, and before one could actually comprehend this minor miracle, we were driving along the blacked-out streets of London at what Canadians would recognize as a good clip. The mist lay lightly over the streets; it was impossible for

any newcomer, lacking the Londoner's cat's eyes, to distinguish curbs or intersections or buildings, but our stout little vehicle sped on, covering six or seven miles of city thoroughfare, dropping passengers and bags at precisely their destinations—the Army nurses at their club, an officer at his hotel, and myself at the dim hulk of an apartment block. It was too dark to see our driver, but I knew by her voice that she was a Canadian, and by her efficient handling of the car that she was one of those dozens of well-trained transport girls which the Canadian Women's Army Corps has sent overseas.

This was my introduction to the CWACS on service abroad, and I shall always remember it gratefully. To the little corporal from Montreal it was all in her night's work—a routine matter of transportation

dovetailing in with Army movement control and the incident of an air raid over a London suburb at that particular moment could hardly be permitted to interfere with her assigned duties.

"YOUR CANADIAN Army girls are smart." Many times have I heard this remark in England—from civilians and soldiers and from the women of the AT. Our CWACS are indeed smart; their uniforms, well cut and made of the best fabric, are conspicuously good even in this country of uniforms. Leather and buttons glisten, faces and hair-do's are invariably neat, and as they stride along, generally in pair, they give off an air of brisk health and competence which makes any Canadian on the side lines feel proud. They have acquired the military bearing also, so much

Abbie walked slowly into the house. And maybe to the others she looked like a college junior, returning from a date. But she didn't feel that way at all. She felt like someone walking on air.

Celia was waiting for her, and smiling solicitously. "There now, Abbie," she said. "Aren't you glad you came along?"

Abbie was surprised for a moment. She had forgotten the chain of events that had led to this evening. But now she remembered, and of course Celia was responsible. Celia had practically bullied her into going tonight, and if she hadn't she never would have met Bill Foreman.

"Of course I am," she admitted uneasily. Somehow, under the scrutiny of Celia's kind brown eyes some of the magic was evaporating. It was almost as though Celia had arranged this whole thing—arranged even for the heavy breathless thudding of her heart.

But of course that was foolish, for Celia was smiling now in that good-natured, discerning way of hers. "You see, I was right!" she said. "You never want to stay home and mope!"

"I wasn't going to mope," Abbie explained uncomfortably. "I was planning to study for the Ec. exam. And blind dates are risky. I've never believed in them."

"But look what you got! A pilot! All of six feet, too. I feel sorry for him, though. He must be very lonely, having to visit at the Sig House for his leave."

"I suppose he is," Abbie agreed doubtfully. But she realized, of course, that Celia must be right, because Celia had a real understanding of people, and an endless sympathy with their problems. She knew when you were lonely, or when you'd had bad news from home, or even when your work wasn't going well. So of course she'd known right away when Don Barber stopped calling up and asking for dates. That's why she had insisted that Abbie come along tonight. "Pete and I will cheer you up," she'd

Celia's brown eyes were raised to Bill's. "Poor Abbie!" she was saying. "You came along just in the nick of time..."

promised eagerly. "And Pete has a friend who's staying at the Sig House..."

JUST LIKE that! So many grooves, fitting into each other. And realizing that, Abbie felt again the curious sensation of a guiding hand, something above and beyond herself.

"Come on, pet," Celia said. "I want to see how Kathie Lane is making out. Poor thing! Her family have written that they can't manage her usual allowance. You'd better get some sleep, Abbie. You look worn to a frazzle!"

"I'm not at all," Abbie said. But suddenly she realized that she was a little tired. She went upstairs and slipped into the striped blue pyjamas and washed her face in ice-cold water. And she thought about Bill, but with a feeling of uncertainty now. Maybe she'd just dreamed it—that sureness, that kind of answering warmth when he smiled at her. Maybe it was all her own invention, without any foundation at all.

She knew, of course, that some of her uncertainty was due to that Don Barber business. Nothing quite like that had ever happened to her before. But she tried not to think about that. She braided her hair and curled up on the bed, and opened her Ec. book. And started right off thinking about the Don Barber business.

Because there was something puzzling about it that she couldn't put her finger on. In the first place he had been much keener about her than she was about him. She had transferred to Freeman in her Junior year, and

hadn't known many people. Don was the first boy she'd met; and he was nice and took her to all the football games and dances, and it was a very satisfactory, easygoing sort of friendship.

And then the curious thing happened—for overnight he changed. Not even overnight, for it all seemed to happen at one dance. She'd asked him to an informal gathering at the gym—the kind where the girls do the cutting in. And at first Don was all attentiveness. He said things like, "What a night, what a girl! Abbie, you're the best dancer on the floor." He said things like, "How's to cut this short and have a little time to ourselves?"

But Abbie was ushering and couldn't leave. So they'd stayed at the dance, and all her friends cut in on Don and gave him a good time. Celia cut in on him, and the two of them sat out one dance and drank pop. And Abbie could see that they were having one of those long earnest conversations that Celia always had with men. But of course she couldn't know what they were saying.

She couldn't know that Celia was saying, in that kind troubled voice of hers, "Poor Abbie! I'm so glad you're giving her some fun, Don. She was pretty lonely when she first came to Freeman, and I don't think she was happy at home, either. We must do everything we can to cheer her up!"

She couldn't know that Celia was saying, with a warm, motherly sort of smile, "I think there was a boy at home, too, who married another girl. And when that happens you need to be backed up, you need to have your friends rally around..." If she had heard

wished she did know. Inevitably it hurts your pride when a thing like that happens. You lose some of your confidence. You begin to think that maybe you lack whatever it is a girl needs to hold men. Abbie wasn't given to analyzing herself, but now she felt vulnerable and insecure.

Celia had been tremendously sympathetic from the first, and tried to cheer her up by saying that Don wasn't worthy of her anyhow. And maybe that was true. But it didn't help much. Because what can happen with one man can happen with another.

Bill Foreman, for instance...

ABBIE FELT a cold little finger of fear, then. Which was idiotic, because she hadn't known Bill long enough to fall in love with him. But there can be a kind of uncertainty about everything when it's almost midnight and you're alone, and the one lamp throws a glare of light on the economics book that you haven't even started studying yet.

Celia stuck her head in the door, and right away Abbie felt better. It was a relief to have company,



that, Abbie would have been astonished. Because in answer to Celia's gentle probing questions she had admitted that Dick Jennings, who'd lived next door and taken her around a lot, had finally married Janey Burke. But since she'd never given a hoot for Dick, what difference did it make? It certainly wasn't a secret sorrow!

But of course she couldn't know any of that. Or that Celia was saying now, "I'm just telling you, Don, because it is important that we sort of rally around. Things aren't easy for poor Abbie, and we simply must try to cheer her up!" And when Don only nodded uncomfortably she added, with a little laugh, "Why, it shouldn't be so hard, Don! Boys are such goons about things like this. It's just a matter of trying, that's all!"

But all Abbie knew was that finally the dance was over and she and Don were walking back together through the crisp January night, and Don just wasn't the same any more. He seemed deflated and sort of peepless. And when eleven o'clock came he said good night uneasily, as though he felt almost sorry for her. And he never called up again.

That was two weeks ago, and Abbie couldn't think what she had done to put Don off like that. She

and Celia's big brown eyes were so gentle and kind that you could never be completely sunk when she was around. Her thick reddish hair was braided too, and her round face had a kind of maternal look. "Still up, Abbie?" she chided gently. "I thought I told you to get some sleep!"

But she came in and sat cross-legged on the bed. "You know," she said, "I was thinking of that poor young flier. I'd like to do something for him, Abbie. Give him a party, perhaps. We ought to cheer him up!"

"I'm having a date with him tomorrow night," Abbie said uncertainly. "He asked me the very last thing."

For a moment Celia looked rather deflated, as though that didn't quite fit in with her plans. But then she smiled. "Splendid!" she said, "I'll call Pete, and we'll get a gang together. You can always count on Pete to rally around!"

Abbie nodded. Pete was Celia's latest, and he was rather short and nondescript, but very convenient just the same. "I'll call him tomorrow," Celia said. "After all we have to stand by our Air Force!" Her big brown eyes were bright with anticipation. "We owe it to them," she said. "Now, ✦ Continued on page 23



I can't Believe We just Met

By
Anne Homer Warner

Illustrated by
William S. Gillis

ABBIE decided right off that it wasn't just chance the way she met Bill. Things don't fit into neat little grooves and squares like that without some kind of guiding hand. But of course she kept all that very much to herself and only smiled casually when he asked for another date.

They were standing on the porch steps, and the others had already gone in. Bill said, "How about tomorrow night? I mean, if you're not too busy—"

She didn't answer right away. She pretended to consider; she thought a moment and then smiled. "All right," she said. "Same time?"

"Same time, same place," he said, in that deep voice of his. And then he said something that made

her catch her breath. He said, "You had me worried for a moment, there. My leave's pretty short, you know. And—well, I've never met a girl quite like you, Abbie."

"Thank you, kind sir," she answered, laughing.

"No, I mean it." He sounded troubled. "There's something about you," he said. "You're so darn sweet, Abbie."

And then Celia stuck her head out the door and called to them, "You'd better hurry. Mrs. Simms is going to lock up."

"I have to go now," Abbie said.

"Right you are!" He grinned and turned away and strode off down the path.

Abbie couldn't trace the first probing of doubt. It was something about the way Bill glanced at her, uncomfortably, then off around the room. The magic suddenly seemed to vanish.

of the Future . . . By Carolyn Damon



New York's Sally Victor sees a new age of hats when war-processed fabrics are released; Light or bright is her theme for tomorrow—and this Chetnick Drape in beige felt has an unfettered curve as modern as an airplane's take-off.

Tune in on this exciting telecast of tomorrow's new clothes and the unbelievable qualities they'll have, as predicted by world-famous designers and manufacturers for Chatelaine's Fashion Editor



The flying female of air-age society will wear lighter-than-air element-proof fabrics over her tennis shorts and anklets when she takes off from Edmonton for Florida by stratosphere plane.

woman the world has ever seen. And by her, of course, they mean you.

Two things, the designers predict, will happen right after the war. Women who have been in uniform and in war-working slacks will want the gayest, giddiest, most feminine clothes they can find. Then, the return of men from overseas (and so many women to the home) combined with the release of dyestuffs now restricted to war uses, will evoke a color binge that will flare up from here to Mexico, and light a path across the seas and back.

All that happened before . . . in 1918.

But this time women went farther into the world of work and action, did more, learned more. This time, the men and women who make our fashions will tell you, they will remember the lessons of a world at war; the sense of value, the preciousness of quality, the importance of preservation. They will remember, too, through wearing uniforms or moving among them daily, that simplicity is the acme of all good design, and tailoring the most successful expression of year-in year-out simplicity.

In clothes, perhaps faster than in any other department of civilized living, we will bridge the gulf between war and postwar world, the manufacturers say. That is because so many factories, which turned to outfitting our armies and munition workers, can be turned back (and the conversion is already under way in its beginnings) without as many changes as in, say, mechanics or electrical equipment. There is another important factor, too. The best and most exciting of our new fabrics have been developed and perfected for our fighting men; lighter-than-air, but strong and warm materials like nylons and aralac, runproof, dirtproof, color-fast, crease-resistant, water-resistant, tearproof. ♦ Continued on page 54



Sun suits for office work may mark a health-conscious era; collar and cuffs are disposable when soiled.



Heavy link chains satisfy the feminine love for decoration on a smoothly simple all-occasion rayon crepe. (Rosenstein)



A suit . . . but what a suit! Nettie Rosenstein does it in warm brown wool jersey.

Fashions



John Frederic's new off-the-face black cloche, studded with sequins and dropped shoulder-length back.



Tailoring is as new and as old as smart women have always been; John Frederic's version of a timeless bowler, anchored with fine brown mesh veiling.

THIS is your television reporter speaking from Montreal. So glad you've dialed in tonight to see the big Canadian spring fashion openings of 1954, and to hear what the stylists, couturiers and buyers gathered here from all over the world have to say about the models that will be displayed in a few minutes. There's been quite an air-jam, with so many private and company planes arriving from everywhere, along with the regular passenger and freight liners of the skyways. For hours now they have been unloading boxes and crates of exquisite fabrics, magnificently designed and beautifully fashioned into the season's new world-wide creations of coats, hats, dresses, suits, shoes and other apparel. Out of the planes, too, have stepped the world's most beautiful models and many of its best-dressed women, from Paris, London, New York, Hollywood and other metropolitan centres.

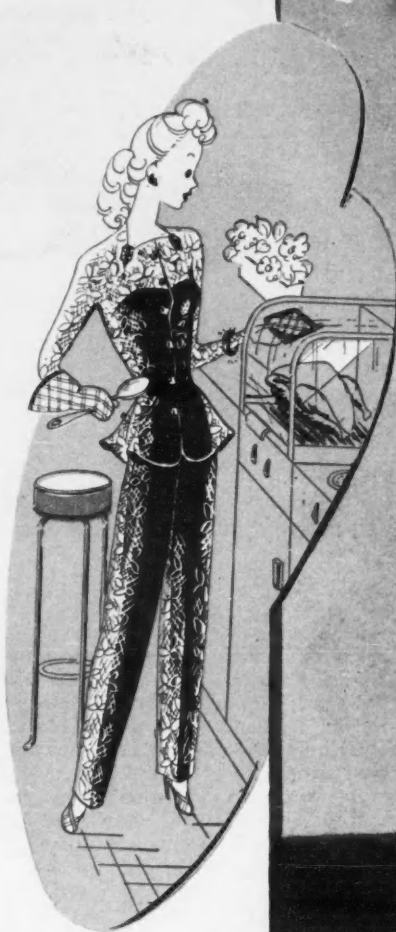
"Be on the lookout, when the curtain goes up, for something very exciting by that new designer from New York who has been doing such exciting things with color combinations. They say he chooses his colors by electronics and, as you know, you can distinguish and co-ordinate two million shades by this useful science. The woman from London who was one of the pioneers in presenting those wonderful sport togs some years ago . . . the tearproof, windproof, waterproof winter-and-summer clothes that seem so ordinary to us now . . . is introducing a new fabric for stratosphere wear. And the Paris group has, as usual, some exquisite things for evening wear, all done in their spotproof, dirtproof crease-resistant laces and silks . . ."

UH-HUH. We dreamed that telecast of 10 years from now up here at *Chatelaine*. But the important thing is that designers, stylists and manufacturers in this country and in Britain are dreaming, too; and their dreams are based on such solid stuff as scientifically tested fabrics, newly developed methods and ideas, either now in use in the armed forces and war industry, or already emerging, but not yet released, from laboratories here and in Britain. And their plans for the release and distribution of those dreams promise to make for women around the world a new exciting and labor-saving world of fashion such as, even today, seems incredible. We've been interviewing these men and women for you, in New York and Canada, and watching the progress and activities of those of them working farther afield, across the Atlantic.

They promise a new day of international fashions and international pooling of genius, craft and design, of science and experiment and discovery. For tomorrow there will be no style centre except in the minds of creators everywhere, and distribution and availability of smart and healthful fashions and fabrics will bring attractive clothes within the reach of all of us.

This promise of good and lovely things to come depends, as does all our future, upon victory for the Allies and a progressive peace-time world.

Given that . . . and an opportunity to use to the full the discoveries and sciences of fabrics, and their manufacture and styling, they say that the woman of tomorrow should be the best-dressed



New fabrics for a new world; spot-resistant, waterproof evening pyjamas.



Women will never go back to aimless leisure, says Nettie Rosenstein, world-famous designer. Their dressing for parties will be done in minutes, rather than hours. Here is her black dinner dress, long-sleeved but throat-easy.

Illustrated by Jack Keay



Stylish Marriage

"Oh? That's nice for you. So I suppose you'll be getting married soon."

"I don't know about soon. Not until after the war. With everything upside down like this, and so uncertain..." Rachel's voice died away vaguely. Dr. Anderson was eyeing her speculatively. He said:

"I wouldn't have said you were the kind of girl afraid to take the risk of marrying in wartime. If you've been engaged six months you ought to know your own mind."

"Of course I know my own mind. And I've been engaged for much longer than six months. But I don't see that it's anybody's business." Rachel spoke angrily, surprising herself, and after a moment's silence she said, abashed, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap your head off."

Dr. Anderson said quite gently, "You can snap if you like. Of course it's none of my business. You're tired, that's what is the matter with you. You want to get off to bed with a book."

"On the contrary," Rachel said. "I'll get into a hot bath and the remainders of my beauty creams and my best dress and turn myself into Rachel, 1938 vintage." She spoke in a warm friendly way, saying more than she need, to atone for her previous irritation. "I'm going out to dinner."

"With your young man?"

"Uh huh," Rachel nodded. She added, still expansive, "It's all rather odd. We're going to dine with a 'pick-up.' An old thing I met in a teashop in town. At first I thought she was slightly mad, but it seems it's all right. She has asked some of the other girls to her house. Apparently she is just a lonely hospitable old soul. So when she wrote and asked if I would care to come to dinner and bring a friend, I thought, why not? There's nowhere much to go here and it would be a break. A Mrs. Courtney. Do you know her?"

Dr. Anderson laughed. "Of course I know her. Everybody knows her. Your first impression was correct. She is slightly mad."

Rachel looked apprehensive, and he said quickly, "No, it's quite in order. She's harmless, and I believe she does ask the nurses to her house. It's perfectly all right. I've been been there myself, and her house is something out of the ordinary. You're in for an interesting evening. Do you know anything about her? Who she is?"

"Only what the girls have told me. That she used to be an actress."

"Yes. She was Donna Moberly. Donna Mobile they used to call her. Those were the days when a woman was the toast of the town. Now you would probably call her glamour girl No. 1."

Rachel was faintly excited. "I shall be interested. To meet an actress in the grand tradition."

Dr. Anderson grinned. "In the Grand Duke tradition, in this case."

"Even more interesting."

"Possibly. But remember, she is as you put it, slightly mad. Otherwise she would be unforgivable. But I don't want to put you off. You may see what I mean, tonight."

RACHEL had a curious certainty that she would see what he meant; that as his mind perceived, so would hers. Odd. She said, suddenly feeling flat again and tired, "Well, we'll see."

He noticed the change in her. He said:

"Why are you so tired? You're strong and fit and you don't work harder than anyone else. And it's work worth while. The reason for a woman like you could only be..." He stopped and she looked at him with hot eyes. Defensive, because she knew he had seen into her weary heart. It was true. Work did not tire, nor any demands made upon the body, or sacrifice, or taking the burden of another's fainting spirit upon your own. But hope deferred, longing which turned to indifference—the chill of a once bright flame which was dying—that made a woman sick with weariness.

"You want to snap out of it," Dr. Anderson said. "The Hemorrhage in the ward has just been complaining to me. She tells me you spoke very harsh to her. And she's that sensitive. Some people are made like that. She wishes she wasn't. But you can't help the way + Continued on page 40

"I don't think you would want to go back, even if you could," Dr. Anderson said, laying his hand against her soft cheek.

By VELIA ERCOLE

THE BUS which conveyed the V.A.D.'s from the hospital outside London, where they worked, to the hostel where they lived, had not yet arrived, so Rachel, going off duty, stood (illicitly) on the grass under the beech tree and went to sleep on her feet, with her eyes open. She did this so successfully that she jumped when a voice behind her said: "Hullo, Beautiful."

It was young Dr. Anderson, and his greeting was so unusual that Rachel flushed and justified it. She was very lovely, in spite of fatigue and her unbecoming uniform. She said, "Hullo," in a surprised way, and watched Dr. Anderson take tobacco from a worn shabby pouch and stuff it into an ancient pipe. He seemed to be in a good mood and looked almost as young as he really was. Usually he was tired, which made him seem older; often he was irritable, and always he was in a hurry. Just now he seemed to be none of these things and Rachel, confronted by a young human male, wondered what to say to it, instead of the accustomed, "Yes, doctor, No, doctor." Dr. Anderson did not help her by barking suddenly: "I suppose you wouldn't like to go to a cinema? Or whatever one does. This evening, with me."

Rachel gaped, then said primly, "We're not supposed to go out with the doctors."

"You're not supposed to stand on the hospital grass either. But you're doing it."

He grinned, and it was an extraordinarily effective grin. Rachel wondered why she had never noticed it before. She smiled and said impulsively: "You're in an unusually good mood tonight, aren't you?"

Dr. Anderson gave her an odd look, then, examining his pipe, said, "I hadn't supposed that you noticed my moods."

Rachel's heart was beating with a queer unevenness. It meant nothing, of course, except that one was unprepared. The whole incident was so unexpected. You went along for months, side by side with a person, working for them, not regarding them as human beings at all except in a barometric sense; you had, in your hospital blur, something in a white coat who flitted through your days and affected their routine and then suddenly on a still evening, with the sun and you (illicitly) on the hospital grass, the lay figure came to life. Life very vital and disturbing and far too close to you.

Rachel said quickly, "All nurses notice doctors' moods. Even the merest of us. Like me, and even if one doesn't happen to be around to get the full blast, the mood percolates down."

"I don't blast," Dr. Anderson said, a little coldly. "I often think I have the patience of a saint."

Rachel did not say, "Oh, yeah?" But she looked it, and Dr. Anderson returned her look sharply. "Which is more than you have," he said. "You have three grades of temper, and it takes nothing at all to send you into grade one. That's when you blink hard. In grade two you try to push your sleeves up over your shoulders, and in grade three when you've decided to stab Sister Bertram with one of the instruments you've forgotten to lay out and take the consequences, you put your hands in your belt and push your stomach practically through to your spinal column."

For a moment Rachel was speechless, her lovely mouth open, then she said quickly, "If I'd noticed a person as much as that, I would have—" she stopped, but the young man said: "Go on."

"Well... I don't think I'd have waited six months before I said 'Hullo.'"

SOMEWHERE high in the beech tree birds began a shrill evensong. A woman laughed in the little group of cloaked nurses waiting farther down the drive for the bus. There was the gathering and passing roar of a service lorry on the high road. And each sound came separate and exquisitely defined to Rachel's ears, so that while she waited for Dr. Anderson to speak (he was slow about it) she had time to wonder at this phenomenon of perception. She never remembered to have heard sounds in quite that exquisite clear way before, nor noticed the ugly facade of the hospital building.

"Your young man—is he in the services?"

Rachel nodded. "He's at the War Office."

"You're just tired, Rachel, that's what's the matter." Philip offered her his handkerchief. "Do pull yourself together, darling."





IT'S THE *Making* OF MANY A MEAL

So rich and satisfying is this homey chicken soup

One sure thing—your family will call it "mighty good eating" when the meal is built around glistening plates of Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup. The rich taste of tempting chicken makes a hit all around the table. And its delicious "look" lends an eye-appealing touch to even the simplest lunch or supper.

Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup is made the good old-fashioned way . . . with plenty of fine, plump chickens,

slow-simmered to produce a broth glistening with chicken richness. And for every plate of this good soup there are tender pieces of chicken, along with the nourishing rice. It's a dish to delight in, these hard-working war days.

Let this fine soup be the making of a meal at your house some day soon. Just as sure as you like chicken, you'll like Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup. Ask your grocer for several cans tomorrow.

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus • Beef • Bouillon • Celery • Chicken with Rice • Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle • Consommé • Cream of Mushroom • Mock Turtle • Ox Tail • Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetable-Beef • Vegetarian Vegetable.



Good soup I serve
Most every day.
It suits them fine
The folks all say.

Campbell's CHICKEN WITH RICE SOUP

TAKE PART OF YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS. Invest in victory, by buying ALL the War Savings Stamps and Certificates you can. You'll be glad you did when the boys come marching home!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS

An all-out Attack on VD

IN THE long run, home and home life always bear the brunt of venereal disease. Women, therefore, have most at stake in the struggle to wipe out this menace, because woman's life is built around her home. The time has come for all wives and mothers to organize as a great fighting force in the coming battle against syphilis and gonorrhoea.

These words, spoken by Lt.-Col. Williams, in a quiet but deeply serious voice, were more effective than any amount of fist banging and soapbox oratory.

Colonel Williams, chief of venereal disease control for Canada, is marshalling the forces of this country for an all-out attack on this greatest health problem of our time. The first conference, held in Ottawa last December, drew up a six-point plan—each point of vital importance to a successful campaign.

(1) **Let The People Know**—Until now taboos, ignorance and fear have been the allies of venereal disease—driving it underground to become a hidden source of infection. We in Canada have behaved like ostriches with our heads in the sand. V.D. has not been considered a "nice" subject to talk or even think about. It's time we faced facts. It's time we let the people know the extreme gravity of the situation, greatly augmented by wartime conditions.

It's time we asked this question: Which is better, to contract a venereal disease, take treatment and become cured, or to contract one, and, through ignorance or fear of social disapproval, neglect to take treatment and so spread it to others?

Syphilis and gonorrhoea are a menace, not only to those who are sexually promiscuous, but to innocent people who may marry infected ones: to children who are born blind or mentally defective because of syphilitic parents.

It is estimated that 200,000 Canadians have syphilis and do not know it.

V.D. costs Canada millions of dollars annually in treatment, hospitalization, loss of manpower and support of dependent families.

Complete health education is one of the strongest weapons against V.D. There's nothing mysterious or special about the organisms which cause syphilis and gonorrhoea. They are not like cancer or other incurable diseases. Other almost identical organisms cause meningitis, cold in the head and a certain tropical skin disease called yaws. What is special about V.D. is that in almost every case it is contracted by sex intercourse with an infected person—the casual pickup, the professional and amateur prostitute. These "good-time girls" because of their promiscuity, sooner or later—and generally sooner—become infected with syphilis or gonorrhoea. They become

carriers and in turn infect hundreds of men.

Let the people know that those who have contracted V.D. can be made noninfective in a very short time—a matter of hours—and can be permanently cured if given proper treatment. Every case made noninfective wipes out a source of infection which otherwise might spread through a whole community.

Another important reason for letting the people know facts about V.D. is to prevent unnecessary fright and neurosis. False information, which leads one to believe the disease can be contracted in restaurants, by means of china or kitchen utensils, or in public lavatories, or according to any number of old wives' tales, unfounded and untrue,

causes a great many people to suffer needless anxiety. The fact is that it is almost impossible to contract V.D. except through sex intercourse, because the organisms which cause syphilis and gonorrhoea can only survive a moment or so outside the human body.

Knowledge of venereal disease will be circulated by pamphlets, lectures, informal discussion groups and moving pictures. Technicolor pictures have been made, one for men and one for women in the Services, with complete information, designed to prevent V.D. ever being contracted through ignorance.

(2) **Medical Care**—It is a fact that two out of three syphilitic people in Canada are totally unaware of having the disease. They feel perfectly well right now—because it is a disease which starts off with minor symptoms, but does its damage later on with heart trouble, general paresis, mental illness and death—because syphilis kills. It ranks with the four leading causes of death.

V.D. is so common that every promiscuous sex intercourse must be considered as a contact to the germ. *In the armed forces it is a crime to conceal V.D.* Formerly, those who became infected were punished by having pay deducted, but that has, very wisely, been stopped, as it only led to concealment. Now if any man has been exposed, he goes up for treatment. It is entirely confidential, with no stigma attached. *If that practice were carried over into civilian life; if every infected person were segregated and made noninfective; if in all cases of V.D. the question, "Where did it come from and where did it go?" were thoroughly investigated, syphilis and gonorrhoea would be completely wiped out.* In a few years' time it would be a forgotten disease.

The Scandinavian countries and Russia have almost succeeded in wiping out V.D. Amazing results have been obtained by (1) bringing it out in the open and treating it as any other infectious ailment; ♦ Continued on page 32

Adele Saunders, Chatelaine's medical reporter, brings you the facts

al Duty" this Winter...

These days we are fortunate to have an abundance of ready-to-eat cereals, for now they fill a more important place than ever before in our Canadian diet. Serve them often to replace or extend other foods . . . they save time, save work, save fuel!



Want help in varying your menus? Follow these three simple rules:

1. Keep a full assortment of Kellogg's cereals handy. Let everyone make his own choice for breakfast.
2. Serve Kellogg's for children's lunches or for afternoon or before-bed snacks.
3. Use them in all your meat extender recipes.

OUR DAILY MEAL-PLANNING AND WORK-SAVING PROGRAM



QUICK AND EASY FOR SNACKS! Ready-to-eat and ready-to-enjoy in only 30 seconds . . . Kellogg cereals are just grand for odd-hour eaters. Crisp, fresh, satisfying and easy to digest, they help make quick, delicious meals for busy Canadians.



MARVELLOUS FLAVOUR—YOUR FAMILY WILL LOVE THEM! Kellogg cereals have been famous for flavour for more than thirty-five years. They're always extra-crisp, extra-fresh, and extra-delicious. Kellogg's are 'right' whenever you're hungry. Use them often.



A TYPE AND A FLAVOUR FOR EVERY TASTE!

The Kellogg cereals are all different . . . all temptingly appetizing, with come-back-for-more flavours you'll like! Keep some of each of the grand-tasting Kellogg cereals on hand so that each member of your family can enjoy the one he wants—whenever he wants it! If you're missing any of Kellogg's crisp, delicious cereals, be sure to get them next time you shop. Your grocer has them. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

Save Time! Save Work! Save Fuel!



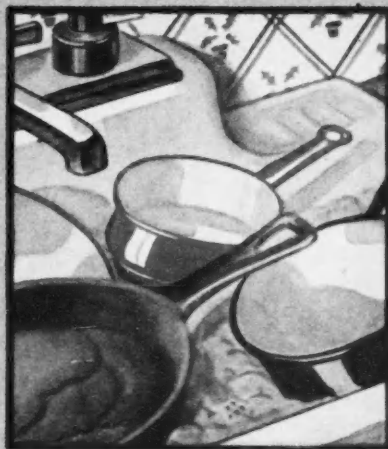
HERE'S HOW KELLOGG CEREALS CAN HELP YOU IN YOUR D



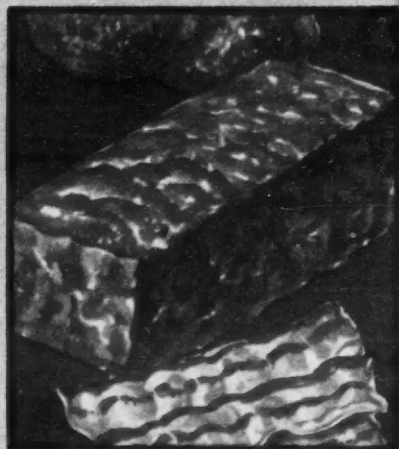
SAVE TIME—THEY'RE READY TO EAT!
Today every *minute* counts! That's why thousands on thousands of busy Canadian families depend on Kellogg cereals for quick, easy-to-fix breakfasts, lunches, suppers and snacks . . . grand for meals in a hurry—*anytime*.



SAVE FUEL—NO COOKING REQUIRED!
We can all help to conserve precious fuel by using more ready-to-eat cereals. This way you can make important savings in gas, electricity and other cooking fuels and, at the same time, serve satisfying, tasty dishes.



SAVE WORK—NO POTS OR PANS TO WASH UP! There's nothing to prepare, fuss with, mix, or cook when you serve Kellogg cereals. No messy pots, no stove to clean up. Even the dishes are easier to wash. You know how these little things count these busy days!



MAKE MEAT GO FURTHER! In addition to serving cereals as "meatless meals," use them to *extend* meat in meat loaves, hamburgers, croquettes, patties, casserole dishes and stuffings. Kellogg cereals make meats go further—add flavour, too.

IF IT'S A *Kellogg's* CEREAL

IT'S THE FINEST OF ITS KIND!

I could set up these bureaus all over the country, my reputation would be established. But Jim won't hear of it. He says I can work as long as I enjoy working, but if I take a position that will keep me away from home three fourths of the time, I can—well, I can leave for 100% of the time."

"It sounds like very interesting work. But it would be lonely, wouldn't it?"

"I'd be meeting new people all the time."

The woman across the table from her looked puzzled. "But your husband," she asked, "had you ever thought of leaving him before this?"

"Heavens, no!" exclaimed Mona, "he's a perfect husband. He's sweet and kind and generous and faithful; he makes a good salary—why, he's even handsome. But marriage doesn't always stay exciting, my dear! I know everything Jim thinks and usually can guess what he's going to say or do next. He has a nice home here and a club—he could get along—but he's being absolutely stubborn about my going away. I keep telling him it would be only for a couple of years and after that I could probably stay here most of the time." She gave a sudden shrug. "I think it's mostly bluff," she said. "I think if I just go ahead with my plans, he'll give in to me at the end."

The woman across from her sat twirling her glass and watching the water curl along the edges. She was silent so long that Mona had an uncomfortable feeling that her words, when they did come, would be disapproving. However, her voice carried only a note of wastfulness. "Life is so magnificently wasteful," she said. "You are about to throw away the one thing which I have always wanted, and you are doing it for a chance to travel and meet new people and gain prominence in your profession. I have been doing that for years. I can assure you it is a very barren existence."

Mona's mind instantly rejected the possibility that this undistinguished-looking woman could be pursuing a career that approached her own in importance and prestige. In her mind's eye she could see herself boarding a plane for a distant city. She would be met at an airport by the head of a large department store and would sweep into the fashion departments where the buyers, much as they might dislike or distrust her, would be forced to deference. She pictured herself conferring with executives, demanding that her plans for the salon be carried out in detail. She would train the girls, watching them marvel at her omniscience. Then, just as the work was about to become routine, there would be another plane waiting and she would be whisked away to another city and another triumph. Stay at home and eat dinner with the same man every night in exchange for that?

SHE WAS about to embark upon an imaginary conversation with Jim in which she contrasted the two lives which lay before her when the woman's voice said, "Perhaps when a woman is beautiful, she attaches less value to the love of one man, feeling confident that when she is again ready to share her life, some man will be glad to share it with her."

Mona's surprise was genuine. "I am not beautiful," she said.

"You are modest."

Mona would have found it hard to explain that she preferred being smart to being beautiful. God or heredity would have been responsible for beauty,

but Mona Kimbridge could take unto herself all the credit for being smart. "Actually," she said, launching with enthusiasm into her favorite topic, "I had very little to start with. There was a time, you know, when women were expected to accept their appearance as a dispensation from above and not to question the gift, but we are lucky enough to be living in an age which has discovered that beauty is by no means a matter of possessing a pretty face. Only the occasional woman knows that her cosmetics, her clothes, her coiffure should create a composition which must obey certain scientific rules just as the composition of a painting must follow certain principles to create visual harmony." Mona, who approached the subject of fashion with the cold logic of a scientist, the vision of a poet, and the ardor of a convert, was now playing her favorite role, that of high priestess explaining the cult of beauty to a neophyte.

The woman across from her was suddenly diffident. "Then you think," she asked, "that practically any woman—even a woman who's—"

"Do you know," demanded Mona, calling on her professional experience to counter shyness with impersonal analysis "that you have the most beautiful voice and the sweetest smile that I have ever known? I could supervise your clothes and have your hair styled so that you'd be an entirely different person. Your features aren't bad; they just aren't good. You have a lovely mouth and beautiful teeth. Your shoulders—" she stopped suddenly. "I'm not looking for a customer," she explained, "but if you'll allow me, I would like to analyze you and then write detailed instructions to a couturier, a hairdresser and a beautician, all of whom do special jobs for me. If I do that, will you go to them and let them groom you and dress you?"

"You're very kind," said the woman. She was still dubious, but her shyness had vanished. "I'm afraid I may be an unusually difficult subject."

"Nonsense!" Mona became brisk as she continued her appraisal. "You have slender hips and a trim waistline and that's half of any woman's battle. You seem too tall because your shoulders slope and your chest is flat. The designer will take care of that with judicious padding. We'll have all your clothes made with necklines that roll high in the back. Then we'll lift your hair—"

"Won't that make my neck look thinner?"

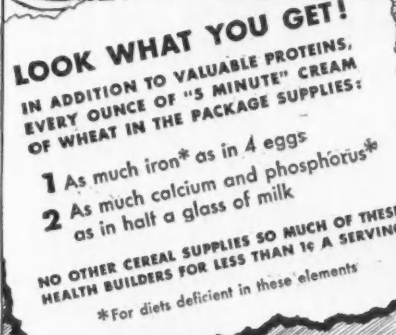
"Your collars, earrings and chunky necklaces will take care of that. We'll give your hair a high side roll to broaden the face and we'll drop some soft hair down the centre of your forehead to shorten it. Gilda will teach you to put your rouge on properly, so that it seems to fill out your cheeks and when your eyes are made up, they and your pretty teeth will take the emphasis away from your nose. I'm not saying that we'll make a beauty of you, but we'll make you smart. Beauty can be trite, but true chic never is. We'll create new lines and contours and build up a color harmony and when you see your new self, you'll begin developing a new personality."

Mona took a notebook out of her handbag and began writing, scarcely registering her companion's rather bewildered expressions of gratitude. After a few minutes she handed several slips of paper across the table and then gathered up her lunch check and gloves. "I'm in a bit of a hurry," she said, "so I'll have to run along." She considered suggesting that they lunch together

LI'L ABNER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

by
AL
CAPP



"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND "5 MINUTE" REGISTERED TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"Just the way Daddy likes it..."

In the cosy glow of the fireplace . . . near at hand—crisp oatmeal cookies and a large jug of Delicious FRY'S COCOA made with hot milk . . . what could be more pleasantly satisfying?

For growing children at home . . . for grown-ups too, particularly in these strenuous times . . . FRY'S COCOA plays an important part in the daily diet because *every cup of "FRY'S" is a cup of food.*

HOW TO MAKE DELICIOUS FRY'S COCOA
For each cup required, just put into a jug one teaspoon of FRY'S and one of sugar . . . mix dry . . . add enough cold milk to make a smooth paste . . . then fill up with hot milk . . . stir and SERVE!

YOU'LL LIKE THESE TASTY OATMEAL COOKIES TOO
(Eggsless) Cream 6 tablespoons shortening and blend in ½ cup (lightly packed) brown sugar; mix in ½ cup quick-cooking rolled oats, then 3 tablespoons milk, then another ½ cup of rolled oats. Sift and mix in, a third at a time, 1½ cups once-sifted pastry flour or 1½ cups once-sifted bread flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon ground mace. Chill. Roll to ⅛-inch thickness on lightly-floured canvas or board. Cut with floured cutter. Bake on greased pan in moderate oven, 350 degrees, 12 to 15 minutes.



FRY'S COCOA IS BETTER COCOA

Black Spiced with White :: Continued from page 7

it was crowded. We were hanging onto the straps and talking about the things that seemed so important then"—her voice implied that their standards of importance had not been very high—"when all at once I was faced with a perfectly awful decision. A man offered me a seat. If I took it, I couldn't talk to Jim the rest of the way, but if I refused it I knew the people around me would smile indulgently."

"Of course you refused it," said the woman.

"No, I sat down."

WHEN HER companion said, "Oh," in her sweet gentle voice, Mona was sharply annoyed. She felt that in some way she had not quite measured up. To build back her self-assurance she looked at the neckline of the woman's suit and thought, "Doesn't she know anything?"

The waitress came up to take their orders and when she left, Mona deliberately turned her gaze over the busy scene in the restaurant below them. As far as she was concerned, the conversation was terminated. But her companion, contentedly unaware that she was being ignored, also looked out over the restaurant. "I always try to sit here by the railing," she said, "so that I can watch the people downstairs. It's almost like being in a theatre."

"Except that the plot hasn't much continuity," said Mona. To herself she thought, "Perhaps I can just listen to her voice and not look at her."

"I make up my own plots. I pick out the people who look sad and imagine circumstances which will change their lives and make them gloriously happy. I am not a realist," the charming voice admitted. "I suppose the things we think about when we are sitting alone in a restaurant are very revealing."

"I suppose so," agreed Mona. Because she had been instinctively antagonized by her new acquaintance, she added, a little cruelly, "I look at women's costumes and mentally supply them with new clothes."

"The right clothes could frequently offer people a better chance for happiness," observed her companion.

Mona perceived that she had not taken the reference to clothes personally. She was attributing Mona's preoccupation with style to a magnanimous desire to share her own knowledge with others less fortunate. "I don't do it to make people happy," insisted Mona. "I do it because the way most women dress annoys me. They don't make the most of themselves, and it's infuriating to watch them being contentedly mediocre when they could be distinctively and often stunningly dressed."

"I never thought of it that way," admitted the woman. Her attitude was one of understanding and sympathy. "I indulge in romantic dreams about people, but I have nothing that I can contribute to them. On the other hand, you see concrete ways of helping them and it must be very frustrating not to be able to do so."

Mona thought, "All right, let her make a good Samaritan out of me!" Aloud she said, "We naturally dwell upon the things in which we are interested. Fashion is my profession."

The other's expression was without rancor. "I could hardly say that romance was mine," she admitted.

"Your mind is occupied with the thing in which you're successful, whereas I, having never had a love affair, indulge in vicarious romancing."

"You have doubtless had compensations," replied Mona hastily. "A career, perhaps."

The woman nodded. "I inherited a small but lucrative business and I have many good friends and a nice home. But to pretend that I wouldn't have preferred love to a successful career would be insincere."

"Romance can fade," said Mona, "but I have found that a career is constantly challenging." The words slipped from her lips as if in gracious denial that the things her companion had missed were important. In reality she was seizing this unaccustomed opportunity to pour her own grievances into a sympathetic feminine ear, for Mona's women friends did not specialize in under-

standing and kindness. "I have both a husband and a career, and I'm going to have to choose between them. I've just been offered the most marvellous opportunity and my husband won't let me accept it."

SHE PUSHED her knife and fork slightly apart, and the waitress set a plate before her. Both women were served at once and it was a moment or two until they were alone again.

"What doesn't your husband like about this new opportunity?"

"It will keep me out of town most of the time," replied Mona. "One of the most famous men in the fashion business wants to send me all over the country to install advisory bureaus in department stores. By advisory bureau I mean small salons in which the girls are trained to supervise the buying of complete wardrobes after analyzing the customer's type. It isn't merely a choice of clothes, but all of the grooming including posture and health. Such services are now available in a few very high-class establishments, but we want to make it nationwide. I love that kind of work," she said passionately, "and if

SONS

By Lotta Dempsey

Left, right, left, right . . .
Coming down the lane
There's your son marching
In the warm spring rain.

Hat cocked to leeward
And gun on his shoulder . . .
Praise be to heaven
That he isn't any older.

That he's not yet seven;
Praise be to glory
That fighting's a fine game
And war a brave story.

Left, right, left, right . . .
In the spring rain
My son went marching
Away along the lane.

But he hasn't come homing,
Though the dark be down
And all the young gathered in
Around the town.

And mothers put wooden guns
Back among the toys
And fold the warm blankets
over
Small sleeping boys

Somewhere out across the
world
High is the head
Of my son, standing guard
At your son's bed.

"Yes," agreed Mona, her voice still pressing past the lump of fear. "I couldn't possibly know him."

The woman's voice went on telling of her happiness, her gratitude to Mona, her pity for the wife who would, some day, regret her blind selfishness. Through it all, as a constant accompaniment, Mona kept repeating to herself, "I couldn't possibly know him. I couldn't possibly know him."

Suddenly she was aware that the woman had reached across the table and laid a hand on hers. "Are you sick, my dear?" she asked solicitously. "You have gone so white."

"I'm quite all right," Mona replied. "But I've just discovered that my briefcase isn't here. I'll have to go at once and look for it."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed the other. She rose as Mona rose, but her eyes turned, as they had done a hundred times before, to the entrance doors on the floor below. "There he is," she said, with the breathless excitement of a young girl. "The man with the mustache. I'm glad he came, for I did want you to see him."

A complete paralysis seemed to envelop Mona's body. She felt that she could never turn her head and look down into the shifting mass of people about the doorway, for she knew before she saw Jim hanging his hat on the rack between the door and the elevator that it would be he. Slowly she turned back and forced herself to her first honest appraisal of the woman before her.

She would be a generous wife, eagerly offering more to her marriage than she would ask of it. She would solicitously develop Jim's ego, not tearing it down and trampling on it as Mona had done. "And all," thought Mona desperately, "because I wanted to be so important myself." The superb irony of the situation assailed her. She herself had originated this drama. She had written the plot, created the heroine, provided the hero. Like a skilful puppeteer, she had so manipulated the threads of their two lives that once they had met, a romantic climax had been inevitable.

Mona held out her hand and, drawing from a long-neglected fund of gallantry, said sincerely, "I hope that you will both be happy." A moment later she was walking a little unsteadily down the

steps. At the foot of the staircase she met Jim starting up.

"WHY, MONA," he said in surprise, "I didn't know that you ever ate at Trescher's. It's a long way from your office."

"I have an appointment just near here." She couldn't resist adding, "I didn't know that you ate here either."

"Every Wednesday," said Jim. He was regarding her with concern. "Are you sick, Mona?"

"No," she answered, "just a little tired."

He had taken her arm and moved her away from the centre of the staircase. She braced herself against the newel post and fought to keep back the tears. This was her last chance. She could say, "Jim, I want to come back." She could put her arm through his and walk out of the restaurant with him. Jim would never fight her, never deny her right to keep him as long as she wished. She looked up at him as he steadied her against the post, his eyes dark with concern. All the petty things which she had built up in her mind until they had assumed momentous importance fell away, and she knew that the only thing which really mattered to her was Jim's happiness. She could give him that by leaving him now and, in all their years together, she had never really given him anything. He said, "Mona, will you give up this crazy idea and come back to me?" The word "no" formed on her lips, but she couldn't quite say it. For courage she turned her eyes up to the balcony. The woman had returned to her own table and was greeting a tall man with a mustache who was bending over her hand. She was oblivious to the fact that Mona even lived.

"Mona," said Jim a little sternly, "I'm not going to ask you a third time."

The lights seemed to swing down from the chandelier, inscribing fantastic arabesques about the room. Mona clung to Jim's arm and closed her eyes. When she finally spoke, her voice had a gentle tender note which gave it something of the quality of another woman's voice. "You needn't ask me again, Jim," she whispered. "I've wanted to come back since the moment you left me at the hotel." +

I Can't Believe We Just Met :: Continued from page 11

honey, you get some sleep. And stop thinking about that old Don Barber. He wasn't nearly good enough for you."

"I wasn't thinking about him," Abbie protested. But when Celia had left her she felt uneasy again, and curiously insecure.

The next morning was different, though. For when she came down to breakfast there was a special waiting for her, and it was from Bill Foreman. And perhaps the letter didn't say much. Maybe it just said things like, "I've counted the hours. There are exactly 18 of them before I'll see you again." Maybe it just said, "It sure was a break for me when I tagged along with Pete last night." But whatever it said, Abbie knew the letter by heart before she went to her nine o'clock class.

It was an endless day—the kind of bitter November day when there wasn't anything to do outside, and you didn't feel like studying either. Celia called Pete at the Sig House and arranged about the evening. She said, "Poor Abbie's down in the dumps, too. We'll have to cheer them both up!"

But if Abbie had happened to hear

that, she would have known that Celia hadn't rightly described this feeling she had—a sort of suspended, uneasy feeling, as though she were outside time and space and in a little world all her own. She tried to study, and she kept remembering things about Bill. That stubborn chin of his, and those broad square shoulders.

Eighteen hours, he had said in his letter. And at first they seemed to crawl past, and then they flew and she had to hurry to get ready. She brushed out her shiny brown hair and then slipped into a wool skirt and a cherry red sweater. Abbie's eyes were hazel-brown, and her mouth was wide and sweet. But when she picked out her brightest lipstick, and leaned closer to the mirror, she wasn't aware of any of that—but only of this muffled question like a pounding in her throat. Will he like me? Will he still like me, the way he did last night?

Celia came in and said encouragingly, "Darling, you look just fine! You must have had a real nice nap this afternoon. There's nothing like a good rest to chase away the blues!"



— and then you told me you loved me

We'd had dinner together—remember, dear? But I wasn't hungry.

You were going away; that's all I could think of.

Then your hand brushed against mine. "Such a soft little hand," you whispered. And then you told me you loved me.

Would you have told me, then, dear, if my hand had felt rough and chapped? I'd always used Jergens Lotion; I have ever since. A girl's hand-skin so easily loses its natural softeners.

While I love you—and that, dear, is always—I'll take care of my hands with Jergens Lotion.



You have almost professional hand care with Jergens. Very "special". Two of its ingredients have such a way of coaxing rough, chapped skin to desirable softness that many doctors prescribe them. No stickiness. College girls—so up-to-date—use Jergens Lotion almost 4 to 1.

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS
(Made in Canada)



"It shines because I've never used a scratchy cleanser!"

One secret of a bright, gleaming bathtub is just this—regular cleaning with safe, gentle Bon Ami. For unlike harsh, gritty cleansers, Bon Ami doesn't damage or dull the porcelain. In fact, Bon Ami has a *special polishing action* that helps to keep porcelain smooth and bright . . . always looking its best. And remember — this safe, gentle cleanser is also *fast* . . . makes quick work of dirt. No wonder women who've tried all kinds of cleansers prefer Bon Ami. You will, too!

Keep them both within reach!

Bon Ami comes in two different forms...Powder for quick every-day cleaning jobs and Cake for windows, mirrors, painted woodwork. Keep them both handy!



Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"



again for, like any artist, she liked to see her completed masterpiece, but the woman interrupted her thoughts to say, "I hope you'll consider things very carefully before you decide to give up that nice husband." So she merely nodded, murmured something about good luck and left the restaurant.

MONA HAD a busy two months before she again found herself lunching at Trescher's. She had had an appointment just before noon and was en route to another when she entered the restaurant with some vague association tugging at her mind. It was not until she was again seated at a table by the balcony rail that she remembered the woman who had given her table to the young sailor and his girl. She murmured, "I wonder if my romanticist ever went to Maurice and Gilda." She forced her memory of the woman to be scornful, for that morning she had finally left Jim, and she felt the need to assert her self-sufficiency. Despite this effort to divert her thoughts the menu blurred before her eyes. It was exhaustion, she told herself, and not desolation which caused this threat of tears. They had talked most of the night, she and Jim. She had been shocked and unbelieving when he quietly persisted in his ultimatum that when she left for her new work, she left for good. He had finally helped her pack, and, still courteous and attentive, had taken her to the hotel. Phoning for breakfast to be sent to her room this morning had given her a foretaste of the life upon which she was now embarking, and she had valiantly attributed her devastating loneliness to the fact that this place held too many familiar associations of her life with Jim. In a strange city would come the surge of independence and power which she was seeking. She had tried to assuage her conscience by saying that it had not mattered a great deal to Jim, but that thought hurt her vanity and she immediately pictured him as heart-broken but with too much pride to complain. Through all her thoughts ran the thread of astonishment that he had not given in to her. There was no way in which her mind could convert that fact to flattery and she, who pictured herself as a driving force, had found that Jim was immovable. He had stopped her and turned the whole channel of her life aside, and when she returned from this trip and from all future trips, he would have a home here and she would order breakfast sent up to a hotel room. She had taken her hand away from her eyes and picked up a menu, determinedly concentrating upon it, when a voice, a strangely familiar and very lovely voice, said, "I'm so glad to see you again." It was fortunate that she recognized the voice, for she would never have known the woman who stood beside the table smiling down at her.

Mona's astonishment was so frankly complimentary that her companion pulled out the opposite chair and sat down, still smiling delightedly. "You wouldn't have recognized me, would you?" she asked. "I have wanted so much to see you again, to thank you for all that you've done for me."

Mona's surprise had given way to an almost ungovernable desire to make some hasty excuse and leave the restaurant. She wanted to be cynical and worldly and arrogant with this woman, and at the same time she wanted to burst into tears and tell her all about Jim and the horrible mistake she had made in leaving him. But her voice, disciplined to social necessities, said something bright and complimentary

and launched apparently unbidden into questions regarding what Maurice and Gilda had said and done during the period of transformation. As she had predicted, they had not made a plain rather gaunt woman into a beauty, but they had made her handsome in a striking, thoroughly modern manner. And now that the eye was no longer distracted by disharmonies of line, it could rest with conscious pleasure upon the serene brow, the fine intelligent eyes, the generous sweetness of the mouth.

Gradually their conversation, filled with the details of her profession, brought Mona back to her accustomed equilibrium, establishing, for the moment, a reassuring sense of superiority.

"These last two months," the woman was telling her, "have been the happiest of my life. I had been travelling for years, so I decided to train my office manager for the contact work and stay in one place and concentrate on building a new social life for myself. Before talking to you I never had enough self-confidence to feel that I might have —" she hesitated, then frankly used the word, "that I might have an opportunity to marry. You came into my life at the psychological moment, for I had just met a man with whom I knew I could fall terribly in love. My first impulse was, of course, to avoid him and save myself from being hurt. But when Maurice and Gilda had remodelled me, I decided not to run away from life any longer. So I—" she stopped looking embarrassed.

"You stopped running away from life," Mona suggested, smiling, "and began pursuing both life and the man."

"At least," the other admitted, "I arranged things so that he couldn't avoid noticing me. I didn't know," she confessed, "things could be so easy."

"Self-confidence can be a great help," Mona conceded. "Men believe that they love us for ourselves alone, but they instinctively feel that the package we are wrapped in indicates the value of the contents." Keeping the thought of Jim carefully pushed to the back of her mind, she asked, "Are you going to marry this man?"

A cloud of concern crossed her companion's face. "It is not quite so simple as that," she admitted. "He's married, and we're going to have to wait through a divorce."

THIS TIME it was Mona's "Oh" which forced the other woman to a defensive stand. She said hastily, "I didn't really break up a home, you know. He's married to a business woman whose career comes first. She has been gradually pushing him farther and farther out of her life, and he prefers to let her make the final break. Then," she explained, "we will have nothing on our consciences."

Mona was suddenly aware of a lump pressing against the back of her throat so that her next words sounded a little strangled. "Doesn't the wife suspect?"

"Apparently not. I gather that she has concentrated on her own interests for so long that her husband has become a mere shadow on the edge of her life." She glanced down at her wrist watch and then looked up eagerly. "He's meeting me here," she said. "I came a little early to get a table." Mona had wondered why the hostess, with an air of happy conspiracy, had put a reserved sign on the table at which the woman had previously been seated. Now she knew. Their meeting here was a habit. "I suppose," her companion was saying, "that I really shouldn't point him out to you but in a city this size—"



FASHION

*A Department of Style,
Home Sewing and Needlecraft*

*Perfectly
Suited...*

YOU live in suits." That's what a famous American designer said of Canadian women recently.

We do, too. And we're going to keep on living in them, because they fit the busy active lives we lead. This spring the suit takes on new lines, new colors, new fabrics for wear indoors and out, with or without blouses or sweaters or scarves. But the indispensable practicability and smartness of the well-made two-piecer remain the same.

For instance, we're wearing them brighter. Paddy greens, lilacs, cherry reds, lighter blues and golds are sprinkled generously among the stable black, navy and brown (lovely toasty tints of brown) this year. Spun rayons that look like gabardine flannels, tweeds, and smooth or rough weave woollens are the best fabrics.

High-button high-lapel models, designed especially for wear dress fashion, with gay scarves to give color interest, are very new.

This special new spring design is a Simplicity Pattern, Number 4898, especially chosen by Chatelaine's fashion editor in New York as the spring suit of 1944 for Canadian women.

This one is done in beige-gold, with matching buttons and spicy gold-flecked scarlet scarf, black bag, white gloves. The forward-tilting turban is in gold. Later in the year it will be lovely with wood-green accessories, or a high shade of blue. For fall you could use browns to get that lovely rich brown and gold effect.

(Pattern price and sizes on page 41)

DO YOU know the danger points in making a suit? Collar must fit to back of neck for good tailoring. Shoulders must be smooth and wide. Length of the jacket is another vital point . . . adjust the pattern until you get your best length. It should come over the largest part of the hipline. And watch for bagginess or unwanted flare around the hem of the jacket. Fit through the waistline is essential.

Be sure to cut your sleeves wide enough so it won't pull across the back, and if lengthening or shortening the sleeve, do it from the elbow either way, as you need it. Smartness and ease in wearing are your aims. Have it tailor-pressed.

By Carolyn Damon, Fashion Editor

Are You in the Know?

Would you wear this number for

- ☐ School
- ☐ Dating
- ☐ Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for *when*? But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital*. For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look... especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines spoil your style.



WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN
WE WILL MEET AGAIN

The name of this song is...

- ☐ You'll Never Know
- ☐ Day In—Day Out
- ☐ Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always." A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're *sure* of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety centre that *really* protects you... sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar! ©Copr. Mayfair Music Corp.

Did this girl score...

- ☐ A hit
- ☐ An ace
- ☐ A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! And if you're a good sport, you'll bowl *regularly*, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Jack Canuck, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays *soft while wearing*... doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a strike!)

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

* T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

STOP GUESSING! Every teen-age girl should read the free newly edited booklet, "As One Girl To Another"! Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days... the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Mail your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. K4-1, 330 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ontario.

WAR WORKERS will want the new free booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! It tells how to stay on the job, even on those problem days. It gives you facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting. Send your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. K4-1, 330 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ontario.



And it was queer how when Celia said that Abbie immediately began to wonder if she did look all right. Perhaps the cherry red sweater wasn't becoming after all; maybe she should do something different to her hair... "Do you really think this sweater is all right?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course it is," Celia said reassuringly. "Now just don't worry. Clothes aren't important anyway. If you make up your mind you're going to have fun, then you always do!"

Celia was wearing a green tweed suit, and a matching hat with a feather in it. She used almost no makeup, and that gave her a big-sister look, so that you felt she was the kind of person you could confide in. Now she gave Abbie an encouraging little pat on the shoulder. "Don't you worry," she said. "We're going to give that young flier an evening to remember. He'll forget he was ever lonely!"

And then someone yelled down the hall that their dates had arrived. Abbie slipped into a brown wool jacket with a striped taffeta lining, and grabbed up her bag. And she didn't remember until just in time that it wouldn't do to run down the stairs.

That was the trouble with life. Sometimes your feelings and your dreams soared far ahead of actuality. She felt like running straight into Bill Foreman's arms. And here they were, practically strangers!

AND SO she managed to walk sedately down the last flight of stairs. Bill was standing in the hall, looking up at her, and there was still that eagerness in his dark eyes—just the way she had remembered. "Hello, Abbie," he said. His eyes seemed to darken even more, and his voice was vaguely troubled. "It's been a long 18 hours," he said.

"Never you mind," Celia interposed cheerfully. "We're all going to Luther's Inn and have ourselves a time. When you've sampled one of their hamburgers and that extra special dance music you'll feel fine again. Poor Abbie here has a case of the blues too!"

Bill looked surprised at that, and Abbie smiled uncertainly. "We don't have to go to Luther's," she said. "It's likely to be pretty crowded."

"Now, now, none of that, darling!" Celia chided her gently. "A crowd will do you good. Take you out of yourself. I wouldn't be surprised if that was just what you needed!"

For some reason Abbie felt a little distraught suddenly. But of course Celia was right. Luther's Inn was the logical place to go. And the evening hadn't fallen flat. Why it was just starting!

And then they were walking across the windy leaf-blown campus. And some of the insecurity fled. Bill touched her arm gently when they crossed the street. He said, "I've been thinking a lot since I saw you last, Abbie. And it's a funny thing, somehow. Because I can't believe we just met."

I can't believe we just met. And she thought in surprise, "Why, that's the way I feel too! I can hardly remember the time before I knew Bill!"

The wind blew her silky brown hair against his sleeve. And he looked down at her. In the darkness she couldn't read his eyes. But there was a *feel* about the way he looked at her, a kind of gentleness. And it was as though their unspoken thoughts were racing ahead of them, holding them in a kind of spell.

When they reached Luther's Inn Celia turned and beckoned to them.

✦ Continued on page 27

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a *powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose—QUEST® POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex® Deodorant, approved by the Kotex Laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.



QUEST POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

©T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with...



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Makes Comfort Complete

Kotex Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous—only 25c

KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT





Streamlined Or Overstuffed?

We're right with you on the theme of a service pin as top number in the ornament hit parade; but two service pins at once? Or three? Collector's items, maybe, but in bad taste when they represent fighting men, and are used as doodads to fancy-up a dress. If you're wearing wings for brother and a jeweled badge for an Army beau, either take them turn about or arrange them as a unit, one under t'other, and don't add any other note.

You know the woman who buys a print (could happen to anyone this time of year), then junks it up with flowers, ruffly collar, earrings, contrasting belt and some beads? No, no, Annabel. A safe rule for prints is to leave them unadorned, or use plain accessories picking up the predominant color. To every Plain Jane there are nine fussy Flossies.



Don't Stick Your Neck Out.

Anyway, don't stick it out of one of the popular new low-bodiced dresses unless it's a fairly super anatomical attribute. Low-cut necklines are for the young and smoothly fashioned.

Watch your shoulderline like a hawk. It sets the key to your whole appearance. Padding for tailored things, of course; but that football-player look can be avoided by checking the outer edge of the pad to see it doesn't extend beyond the widest part of your upper arm. Too-narrow shoulders give you a pinched-in look, widen your hipline.

Then there's the sleeve situation. Resist the tiny new cap sleeves if your arms are too thin or flabby or too fat. (Sorry—only the better sculpture profits by them.) And did you know that those bracelet sleeves we've all been so fond of add inches to your hips (if they're too evident anyway) when your arms are swinging at your sides? Check in your mirror and see how the whiteness of your bare wrists and lower arms draws the eyes like a magnet to the hipline when your hands are by your side.+



They're lovely
to look at . . .
and I know
they'll wear . . .
because they're

CUSTOM STYLED
BY

Mercury

MERCURY MILLS LTD.,

HAMILTON,

ONTARIO

I Can't Believe We Just Met

Continued from page 24

"Come on, you two!" she commanded cheerfully. "Here we are!" She took charge in that big-sister way of hers, and found them a table right on the floor and set to work to see that Bill had a fine evening.

Her big brown eyes were warm with understanding. And Abbie thought that that was Celia's greatest charm. She was so completely selfless, so interested in other people! And she didn't seem to care a bit about herself—what she ate or wore or any of that. Pete said as much, too. He said, "Trust old Celia to give everyone a good time. She's got a talent for it."

Pete had been going around with Celia for almost a month, ever since she'd pulled him out of the dumps the time Debbie Smith stood him up on a date. But now he seemed completely recovered, and his cheerful glance took in every girl in the room. "There's Elaine Deming over there," he said, "with Don Barber and a crowd."

Abbie smiled dreamily. Any other time she might have been disturbed by that. But now she was in a kind of daze, so that she didn't care whether Don Barber or the whole world happened to be underfoot. The music started, and she danced with Bill. It was the first time she'd ever danced with him. The first time for so many things that were happening. And maybe that showed in her face, so that there were new depths in the wide-apart hazel eyes, and a kind of dreaminess too. Bill danced without paying much attention to the music. Her silky brown hair brushed against his hand, her face was upturned to his.

And Don Barber noticed, and remembered uncomfortably that he'd kind of lost interest in Abbie. There'd been something about cheering her up, and something about another guy who'd jilted her. So he'd sort of lost interest in Abbie for a while there. But now, seeing her again, he began to wonder.

Bill said, "I wish we could run out on them, Abbie. But that Celia friend of yours is such a good-hearted sort. You hate to let her down."

Abbie nodded. "She's been awfully sweet to me from the very beginning," she said. "I just transferred in September, so I didn't know many people at first."

And then the music stopped, and they wandered back to the table. Bill kept his hand on her arm, which wasn't at all necessary, because she was quite capable of finding her way alone. But Bill kept his strong sensitive flier's hand on her arm, and then pulled out her chair for her. And when he sat down too, their eyes met, and it seemed as though all her dreams were coming true.

CELIA HAD ordered hamburgers and coffee and some kind of apple pudding. She had a comfortable, hospitable air about her. She urged seconds on the men, and kept the conversation lively and pleasantly personal. She drew Bill Foreman out, and got him to tell about the days before the war when he'd been just starting out as an electrical engineer. Luther's Inn was filling up, and the music started again. And this time Pete asked Abbie to dance, and Celia danced with Bill.

Pete was an inventive dancer. He swung himself into the changing rhythms, and tried different kinds of steps. He said appreciatively, "You've

Evelyn McCaffrey

OF MacKAY SMITH'S, MONTREAL



Between runs—Hand Cream

HANDS ON THE WHEEL

Evelyn McCaffrey is one of the first women ever to drive a cleaner's truck in Canada. She has covered her route, often ice-coated in winter, several hundred times—has never had an accident. 5'2" tall, 105 pounds, Evelyn is proud of her man-sized job, her truck and her uniform. Evelyn's hands, strong and capable on the wheel of her big truck, are soft and feminine as hands of any stay-at-home. She keeps them that way by smoothing in fragrant Cutex Hand Cream as soon as she comes in off a run.



CUTEX

HAND CREAM

Take the
PHILLIPS' WAY to MORNING
FRESHNESS

...and wake up
**FULL
OF
LIFE!**




SUPPOSE you stay up too late to-night, eat indiscreetly, over-indulge in drink or smoke, or suppose you are under a constant strain...you just *know* excess acid will cause distress and loss of sleep, and you'll crawl out of bed in the morning, feeling "more dead than alive" ...if you don't *do* something about it!

But how *easy* it is to bound out of bed in the morning just bubbling over with that glorious freshness that makes you feel good all over.

How this "Double-Freshener" works its overnight wonders

1. IT ALKALIZES almost instantly . . . sweetens acid sourness, that causes stomach distress, heartburn, gas . . . and restless nights.
2. A MILD LAXATIVE . . . so gentle that without any thought of embarrassing urgency, you can take it any time.



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA



Just ask for *Phillips' Milk of Magnesia* at any drug store today. It's an OVERNIGHT route to bright mornings—the "Phillips Way to Morning Freshness," so safe and so gentle that countless doctors often recommend it for young children.

Take it tonight, according to the directions. And tomorrow, see how much brighter the whole world seems to be, when you wake up with "Morning Freshness"—all alive from top to toe!

Fit for a smart Girl
By CAROLYN DAMON

Getting a New Dress? Use your head as well as your eyes when you pick it out, if you want a success story instead of a pet hate interned in your clothes closet.

Forgive us if you're one of those clever pussies who really plan your clothes for the year ahead of time (like about now) and put your money on the winning numbers; like the outfits you wear the most and the best for your kind of life. If you're not, take a tip and pass up that divine electric blue crepe with the flares and drapes and brilliant clips if you're seen more about the office file and fixture set than at the night clubs. Settle for the smartest tailored togs you can find.



Be Open To Alteration. Maybe you spent quite a bit on that last ready-made, and somehow it didn't click. Betcha we know why. You decided to save the extra dollar or two it would have cost for alterations. Remember that old thing about no two of us being built exactly alike? If the dress manufacturer dreamed you up, and you alone, when he made that particular item, you're a five-star-special. Please get the exact little changes made that give it your own measurements. Especially the hem.



Watch That Waistline! A waistline in the wrong place can do the strangest things to your appearance. Whether you make or buy your dress. If you're long from neck to middle, set the belt in your ready-made or give yourself an extra inch or two on the pattern. If you're short, beware the too-long waist. Makes you foreshortened and stubby. Determine your natural waistline by tying a string at the most comfortable place around your middle.



Face Up To Your Figger. If you're a big girl now, don't hold your breath ostrich-like behind a too-small dress. Go into your diet-and-exercise routine, but meanwhile, settle for a larger size until you've stabilized the old weight chart a bit. The big woman, especially, must keep a wary eye on the fit of every curve and angle of her clothes, especially in light colors, which show up defects in fit as well as figure. Maybe you do all that, and the first wash or cleaning lets you down. (Or should we say out of bounds?) Remember that you can't count on things the way you could, and will again. Get cottons big enough for shrinkage (unless they're preshrunk). Velveteen, velvet and bengaline have no "give" so allow for sitting room.

Sketches by Ursula Rainnie

Check Your Legline. Nobody blames you for wearing short skirts; especially when they're so comfortable and easy, and somebody has mentioned that you have that kind of legs; but treat yourself to a mirror rear-view before you make it final. There's a pretty unbeautiful back-of-knee look cropping up lately, especially among the teen-agers. Mother knows best if she gives you the old rule about the most becoming length being at that point where your calf is largest; and we don't mean for modesty. It gives you a walk-away break with the observing public.



Kay Murphy's Fashion Shorts

From New York

Suits Again For Spring! Every year at this time I seem to say the same old thing. And every year it has all the elements of truth. But this spring suits will be worn by an estimated 10 million women of the 17 million working women now in the United States. Business and working women are finding out that they simply cannot get along without at least one suit in their wardrobe. The new suits are definitely softer than in previous years. They thus serve a double purpose. For business, you can "stiffen" them up with tailored blouses, hats and accessories. For off-duty, they become very feminine and soft with frilly jabots, veiled hats, novelty bags and gloves.

Shepherd's Checks in suits, coats and dresses have staged a revival and I like it. But not the traditional black and white patterns of our little-girl days. These stress pink or yellow or lime green or rose with black. Very refreshing and different, yet not flashy. Some suits are lined with checks and plaids—very pleasant looking.

The Dress of the Moment is Pink! Before spring comes your heart longs for an in-between dress. Make it one of those new rosy pinks. So flattering and as cheery under your winter coat as it will be later on when spring really gets going.

White Gloves were so important last spring that we look to another white season! While white leathers are mighty scarce, we will have to be content with fabrics to a great extent. Glove makers are amazed at the increased popularity of white gloves in wartime. They lay it to the fact that women are wearing darker clothing and want the "pickup" that white gloves give.

Wrapped and Tied! Something new hit the fashion market when they were faced with fewer zippers so they followed the Greek fashion of wrapping and tying a dress, rather than just cutting and sewing it.

Postwar Planning in fashion is going steadily but surely. We can look forward to many influences from the countries our allies "visit." Native garb will be redesigned for American tastes. Boys now holding a gun will, many of them, turn to their pens or their drawing boards to reconstruct memories of far-away fashions they saw "over there." It will be a smaller world, afterward. Please God it will be a more united, more understanding world.

Junior Jewellery is a new theme—and I wonder why someone didn't think of it before. The teen-age girl has generally had to be satisfied with costume jewellery like her mother's—or grandmother's. Now, some makers are going in for lighter, brighter bracelets, necklaces, earrings—very young looking and much better for youth than the usual "dowager" jewels.

Another Sweater Season, with the classic slip-on and cardigan still tops. Yet there has been a little neckline revolution—such as drawstrings, and the new "scooped"-out neckline which is similar to a deep U. This neckline is also important in blouses and is smartly young in looks.

Camisole Slips ready for spring—when it will be another big blouse time. Sensibly, the new ones have wide shoulder straps, to hide the brassiere straps. They are showing detachable white camisole tops on navy and black skirts. So you can wash the top, without the whole slip.



I've Got to Sell like Sixty!

The manpower shortage caught up with our department. which keeps me in a whirl. And that means being on my toes every minute, even on "off days" like today. Wh-eeee what a struggle it's been.

Up with the birds and on to a jam-packed bus. That's the way it started. And golly —was I thankful for Modess then. To keep calm and serene under those circumstances, a gal needs *confidence*—and plenty of it. That's why I bless the day I switched to Modess.

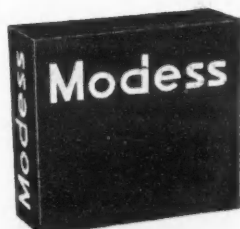


All morning I was kept fairly whirling... and before I knew it Sue and I were packing away sandwiches and chocolate malts. "Thank heaven chafing doesn't bother me any more," I confided to Sue—"not with Modess—it's so soft and fleecy." We ate in nothing flat—then tore through some last-minute shopping for tomorrow night's party.

Now here I am—down but not out. The end of a hectic day, and my smile's still in working order. There's a lot to be said for this quiet-evening-at-home stuff though. Mmmmm—am I comfy—and grateful! Grateful for soft, safe Modess that helps me keep going on even the grimmest days.



Hustle with a Smile! Switch to



Modess



**Lustrous Hair
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EVERY woman knows—you know—that gleaming, lustrous, radiant hair is a vital part of loveliness. So keep yours dazzling with *Danderine*.

Use *Danderine* every day, just sprinkling this *active* formula on comb or brush as you arrange your hair. It's no trouble—takes no extra time. But see how it helps! Watch shining high-

lights return. See how loose dandruff is removed. And with your hair more free from dulling film, discover how much easier it is to arrange; how much longer waves last! Even after the first application, you'll see a difference in your hair's appearance!

Remember to get *Danderine*—now. Then use it daily—for lovelier hair!

Danderine

Danderine is for men, too. Thousands use it every day. At all drug and department stores.

THE MODERN, TIME-SAVING WAY TO LOVELIER HAIR



IT'S important to keep shoes brightly shined. 2 IN 1 does that—and more. The special 2 IN 1 blend of waxes makes leather wear longer. The armed forces use lots of 2 IN 1.



Really a
2 IN 1
SHOE POLISH

10¢ A TIN — BLACK, BROWN, TAN

sure got old Bill coming and going, Abbie. I've never seen a guy so gone on a girl. I can't say that I blame him either!" He tightened his arm around her waist, and whirled intricately to the music.

And over on the other side of the room Celia's anxious brown eyes were raised to Bill's. "Poor Abbie!" she was saying. "You came along just in the nick of time, Bill. We were all doing our best to cheer her up. But I said right along that what she needed was a new man!"

Bill looked perplexed, so she went on to explain. "It was just one of those things," she said. "The boy she was going around with stopped calling up. And Abbie doesn't know many people in the East, so she was pretty blue for a while there—until you came along. My feeling is that we should all rally around and back her up. Make her feel that she is somebody."

"I suppose so," Bill said uncomfortably. His voice had a flat toneless quality. But Celia's smile was warm with sympathy. "I knew you'd understand," she said, in that gentle anxious voice of hers. "I feel kind of responsible for Abbie, you know. And I hate to see her left out of things. A girl just has to have a little appreciation now and then."

"Of course," Bill said. "Abbie was telling me how nice you've been to her." But he sounded uncertain, and kind of deflated too.

And Celia couldn't have that, so she smiled cheerfully and told him more about Abbie's troubles. And then she got him to talking about himself. She drew him out in that nice friendly way of hers. Until finally the music ended and they went back to the table.

Pete and Abbie were already there. Pete was explaining to Abbie something complicated about fraternities, and Abbie was smiling dreamily, not hearing a word he said. And then Bill came back. He sat down across from her, and their eyes met. And it should have been all right, but it wasn't at all.

Abbie couldn't trace that first probing of doubt. It was something about the way Bill glanced at her, uncomfortably, and then away at the other people in the room. He seemed remote too, and withdrawn, even though he was talking more than he had before. The magic seemed to have vanished—that feeling of a bond between them, so that they only had to smile at each other wordlessly.

But maybe she was just imagining things. Probably she was just being stupid and oversensitive. She smiled across at him. "Hello there, Bill," she said softly.

But he only seemed embarrassed by that, and his answering grin was obviously forced. The music started again. "Go ahead, you two!" Celia commanded cheerfully. "It's your turn to dance!"

And so they danced—obediently, automatically, and without any enjoyment at all. It was, Abbie thought, almost the same as it had been that time with Don. Bill acted strained and kind of uncomfortable. And he talked along politely, as though they hardly knew each other.

Abbie didn't think she could stand it for very long. "I'm afraid I'll have to go home pretty soon," she said at last. "I have a lot of studying to do."

"Now, now, none of that!" Bill protested uneasily. "Tonight you're supposed to have fun. You've even got Celia worried about you."

"Worried about me?" Abbie asked in surprise. + Continued on page 37

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EVERY yard of these superb fabrics is hand woven by the crofters from 100% pure Scottish wool in their own homes on the islands of the Outer Hebrides. Noted for style, quality and long wear.

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RENDELLS

New Season Significance — Spotlight on Waistlines



4874 — That new soft tailoring which gives a feminine flair to sport togs is very much in evidence in this cleverly designed spring dress. It is styled with a front opening to the hip which forms a side pleat in the skirt front. Three open but pressed darts on either side of the centre finish the skirt. The collar is pointed and the long sleeves are gathered to wristbands.

4873 — A belt drawn through shaped patch pockets draws attention to the waistline of this frock. The leather belt draws through them. The waist is gathered to a forward shoulder seam and an inverted centre pleat adds interest to skirt front.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue.

4870 — Patch pockets (bodice and skirt) and a notched collar are the only trimmings on this smartly tailored front-opening dress with its simple but well-shaped waistline. A large plaid would be smart, with buttons and a hair bow to match.

4866 — Fancy fabric, plain pattern is a good rule for general smartness. Here's a new line in the shoulder, where an extension releases soft gathers to the natural waistline, front and back. The dress has a front-button closing; skirt is smartly gored.

Pattern descriptions on page 41.

Spring Coats Advance to a New Front Line

*Notched-collar
Top Coat*

*The Shorty with
a Tailored Flare*



*Suit with
Stitching*

4897 — Meet the tailored shorty . . . a honey of a jacket, that will zip up your winter dresses and skirts no end. It has shoulder and waistline darts, a centre back seam and collar cut in one with the front. There's a skirt too — inverted pleated.

4896 — This lined box coat will see you

through spring and summer . . . it's an all-purpose number with definite smartness in its easy sporting lines . . . and you'll love the large welt pockets and set-in sleeves. The notched collar is fun done in contrast.

4898 — Those fetching new scarves that key up your spring clothes look too de-

vastating with these collarless suits . . . and you can spray the frilly edges of one of the new blouses over it, too, with not too unsatisfying an effect. The jacket has insert pockets, and the straight-line skirt is panel-seamed in front and back. Finish with top stitching if you like accents.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Pattern descriptions on page 41.

Beauty Culture

*A Department
of Style, Health
and Personality*



Beauty Routine—*On the Double*

By Adele White, *Beauty Editor*

THAT FUNNY sound is you hitting an all-time low after a hectic day's work. You yearn for a quiet evening at home. A comfortable chair, a good book and a fire—that's the ticket—at least that's what you think! But right at this minute someone Very Special is dialing your number, with visions of dining and dancing running through his head.

What'll you say? Turn down a perfectly good date? Not unless you're practicing to be a champion sitter-on-the-side-lines. If you're as smart as we think you are, you'll change from daily grind to glitterpuss in four easy stages. Do we hear you ask where's the fairy godmother to put on this Cinderella act? Right on the next page.



Doing More Than Your Share?

A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you be attractive—as well as efficient!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
A Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Minutes are as valuable as ration points these days—so many of you are piling wartime duties on top of your already busy day-to-day schedule! I believe that is why women everywhere have turned to our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks in search of a beauty aid that *really* lasts...smooth,

soft, and flattering for hours on end.

In the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural—you will find just what you need...vital, lively color as well as a remarkable new texture that brings an exquisite grooming to your lips. Lineless and satiny, your Satin-Finish lips will resist wind and weather.

Forget your make-up worries when you start using a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick...with Tangee's matching rouge and the startlingly new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

TANGEE Lipsticks
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE Face Powder
with the new Petal-Finish

All-out Attack on V.D. Continued from page 16

(2) educating the people on general health problems, (3) raising the economic standard of women to put an end to prostitution; (4) setting up clinics so that all those exposed to V.D. can at once seek treatment; (5) making it a crime punishable by imprisonment to contract a venereal disease and not take treatment.

(3) **Raising Standards of Living**—The struggle against V.D. is also a fight against squalor, overcrowding and unhealthy living conditions. It's tremendously important that the young people in this country should live healthy normal lives, with recreational facilities to take up their time and energy. In the armed forces it has been found that as soon as morale goes down the rate of venereal disease goes up. Boredom and loneliness—no place to go and nothing to do—drive far more boys and girls into danger zones than any so-called "bad" elements in their character.

(4) **The Abolition of Quackery**—Only the care of a qualified licensed physician can bring about a cure. The hazards of V.D. are great enough without adding the dangers of self-treatment and quackery which wastes precious time and proves useless. The public should be protected against quacks who promise "fast cures."

(5) **Prenatal Blood Tests**—Every expectant mother should have, as routine, blood test for syphilis. When this is made common practice hundreds of children will be saved each year from blindness, mental defects and death. It is one of the miracles of medicine that a mother who has contracted syphilis can produce a healthy normal child if she is properly treated during pregnancy.

(6) **Premarital Blood Tests**—One of the tragic and sinister features of V.D. is that young girls who have led sheltered lives and who marry in love and innocence may become victims of V.D. just because the husband has, some time in the past, made one misstep and is totally unaware that he has contracted a disease. When premarital health examinations are a law of this land, family life will be safeguarded.

Now is the time to act. Today, as never before, the time is ripe for one concerted all-out attack on venereal disease. Modern medical science is providing the weapons to overthrow both syphilis and gonorrhoea by the use of sulpha drugs, arsenics, fever therapy and, latest of all, the new drug penicillin.

What we need is the full tide of public opinion, interest and concern to push the attack; to make it law that every case of V.D. shall be segregated, cured and investigated; to wipe out conditions which favor promiscuity; to put teeth in our law so that, not only will prostitutes be arrested, but also pimps, madames of bawdy houses, hotel and tavern keepers—all the "facilitators" who make huge profits from the business of prostitution.

"The greatest force for good in fighting community conditions which breed V.D. are women, through the medium of their organizations. Banded together they can do more than any other group to eradicate syphilis and gonorrhoea from the face of the earth. At the present time everything which women hold dear is in danger from this national menace."

That is the opinion of Colonel Williams. And he knows, better than anyone else in Canada, what he's talking about. ♦

Month's Supply of Tampax Fits in Purse

You won't find
yourself stranded
—and embar-
rassed



How comforting it is to know that your purse contains sanitary protection for any possible emergency! Tampax is dainty and compact. You can change it in a jiffy and cannot feel it when in place... Easy disposal, too. Perfected by a doctor to be worn internally, Tampax does away with belts, pins and pads, not to mention chafing and odor. In these crowded days it is welcomed by great numbers of plant workers and housewives, students and office workers, especially those who are sensitive on the subject of bulges and lines showing through their clothing on "those days"... Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent. It comes in patented applicator. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory package, 25c. Or bargain Economy Box with 4 months' average supply. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Save Your Clothes

Get another season's wear out of them

It's patriotic now to make materials last and give longer service. When garments or household furnishings begin to fade, tint or dye them with Diamond Dyes. Many fabrics contain mixed cotton, silk or wool, so when in doubt, get white envelope Diamond Dyes. Equally safe for all fabrics. Sixteen lovely colours to select from.

DIAMOND DYES

MADE IN CANADA

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance... yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid that everyone will know your hair is "died."

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade as quickly or as gradually as desired. Pronounced harmless by medical authorities. No skin test needed. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong.

But don't take our word for it! Prove it for yourself—at our risk! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's in a shade to match your hair. If not DELIGHTED with results, we will refund the full purchase price! If you can't get your shade at your local store, write Mary T. Goldman Co., Dept. 35, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.

"WORN OUT" AND WORRIED



Dragging around each day, unable to do housework—cranky with the children—feeling miserable. Blaming it on "nerves" when the kidneys may be out of order. When kidneys fail the system clogs with impurities. Headaches—backache, frequently follow. Dodd's Kidney Pills

help clear the system, giving nature a chance to restore health and energy. Easy to take. 116M

Dodd's Kidney Pills

You've had a hectic day. You've got the five-o'clock blues with a big evening of dining and dancing ahead. What's the answer? Chatelaine's Beauty Editor tells you how to change from daily grind to glitter-puss in four easy stages



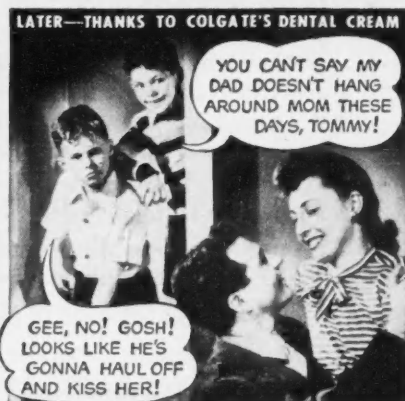
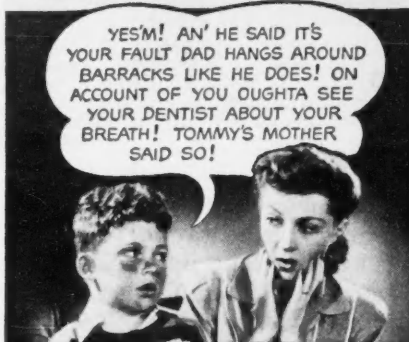
Two-In-One—Time 15 Minutes. Now's the time to smooth on a cream mask and let it set and do its good work while you bathe. It will give you just about the right time and it will leave your face soft and glowing, erasing tired lines and making a wonderful base for makeup. Bath salts or bath oil, whichever you prefer, will soften the bath water so you won't suffer from itchy dry skin. After a 10-minute soaking you'll dry off with a large soft bath towel, followed by a rubdown with your favorite cologne. Then remove the mask by washing your face with warm water. Now you're ready for the finishing touches.

Beginning to feel more glamorous? The first three stages of our routine should be getting in their good work. You should be smiling like the girl in the picture.



Makeup—Time 10 Minutes. Here's the quickest and most efficient 1-2-3-4-5 stages of makeup. It takes longer to tell than it does to actually do. (1) Pat on skin tonic. (2) Smooth on foundation powder base. (3) Pat on face powder and apply rouge high up on cheek bones. (4) Next comes eye-shadow and mascara. (5) Last of all lipstick—it comes last so you won't brush against it with your hand. For a fine effect try putting it on with a brush.

Eureka! You're almost ready, except for slipping into your party clothes, snatching up your coat and pocketbook and then off to meet your dancing date. Hey! wait a minute—you forgot your gloves.



COLGATE'S NYLON TOOTHBRUSH SPECIAL VALUE
CLEANS THOSE "HARD-TO-GET-AT" PLACES
NYLON BRISTLES CAN'T GET SOGGY
29¢



Mummy!
ARE YOU SURE
YOUR SOAP IS
GOOD FOR
MY BABY SKIN?

Yes, sonny, the soap I get for you is the best I know of, **Palmolive**, the very same soap my mummy used for bathing me. You see, Palmolive just can't irritate *your* tender skin, or *mine* either, because it's made to give a *smooth, soft* lather that's ever so safe and cleansing. That's how Palmolive guards your skin and keeps it healthy as you grow. And that, sonny, is why Palmolive will always be *your* special soap... and *mine*, too. We'll use it every day, for soothing, refreshing baths... and for our complexions.



Mother! Specialists advise for your baby's skin: daily bathe your baby with gentle Palmolive Soap. Because it's made with skin-conditioning Olive and Palm Oils—two of nature's finest skin guardians—Palmolive's kind, creamy-white lather... different from any other... cleanses gently, safely, soothes even the most sensitive skin. It's as pure as soap can be! And, remember, mother, everything that Palmolive does for your baby, it will do for your complexion, too!

Get mild Palmolive today for baby. And for the next 14 days, you *yourself* try Palmolive's tested and proved 60-second Beauty Massage every time you wash your own delicate skin. You'll find Palmolive is the easy and pleasant

**TODAY'S MOTHERCRAFT
BABY HINT**

(Contributed in interests of better baby care by Canadian Mothercraft Society.)

COOL SPONGING. "After six months, providing your baby is strong and healthy, give it a cool sponge after bathing. This is invigorating and teaches your child to take healthful cold showers later on in life. Water temperature should be decreased *gradually* so that baby becomes accustomed to it without noticing a sudden change."

**KEEP THAT LOVELY
SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION!**



Five O'clock Blues. It's almost closing time. You're rushing to get finished so you can leave on time. The five o'clock blues have got you in their clutches. You feel just as dashing as a doormat. In the next 40 minutes you'll go through a beauty routine on the double, and you'll emerge looking as slick as a whistle in your gayest party mood.

That is, if you're as smart a gal as we think you are—because here's the answer below.



Beauty Rest—Time 10 Minutes. So now our story begins. The first stage of this routine is the beauty rest. It may seem like a waste of precious minutes but believe us it will pay in renewed pep and energy. Just 10 minutes of complete relaxation—feet slightly higher than your head—pads over your eyes. You can also do a nail polish repair job and allow the lacquer to dry while you rest.

We're going to slip you the party success secret of one beauty expert in New York who says she banishes care and worry by playing her favorite dance records on a small table phonograph while she has her beauty rest. This does remarkable things to her spirits when she's job-weary. It puts her in a gay party mood in no time at all. If you don't boast a phonograph, a radio will fill the bill—if you haven't a radio, try humming.



—Photographs courtesy the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

Clean-Up—Time 5 Minutes. Rest period over, you hold your hair back with a snug headband, sit down before your mirror and start on a cleanup job. You give your face and neck a thorough creaming to remove the dregs of the day's makeup. While we're on the subject of necks—they don't come in for nearly enough attention. You should cream your neck every time you do your face. After massaging with an upward rotary movement, starting from the base of your throat, you remove cream with face tissue—just see the grime that comes off. Astonishin', isn't it?

I Can't Believe We Just Met :: Continued from page 28

But he looked embarrassed again, and changed the subject. He said determinedly, "Transferring to a new college is always hard at first. It's like being assigned to a different airfield. In the beginning it seems pretty strange, but after a while you meet people and catch on . . ."

His voice was cheery and impersonal, and he seemed a thousand miles away. But she listened dutifully, and finally she saw Don Barber coming toward them across the floor. Before she would have tried to avoid him, but now it was sheer relief.

Don cut in, and Bill looked relieved, too. He nodded encouragingly at Abbie, and turned away abruptly and walked back to their table.

And she knew, quite definitely, then, that she had lost him.

BUT DON was having himself a time and didn't notice any of that. He swung her in wide arcs about the floor, and hummed in time to the music. Don was a cheerful good-looking boy, and fun to be with. He liked girls and he liked to dance, and finally he tapered off the wide arcs into a neat little jog, in which they practically stood still.

He grinned down at her. "You're looking a million tonight, Abbie," he said. "Two bits that flier you're with is the one Celia was telling me about. Am I right, or am I right?"

"The one Celia was telling you about?" Abbie repeated in surprise.

"You know," Don said, "The guy next door that you never quite recovered from. I guess you've got him where you want him now—wife or no wife?"

"Oh," Abbie was still completely at sea. But something warned her to be careful. "I suppose," she said casually, "that you mean during that dance at the gym—what Celia told you then."

It was a pretty confused sentence, but Don understood. "Sure thing," he said—and swung her again, right into the middle of the floor. "You've got what it takes, Abbie," he said happily. "Best dancer on the floor, if I do say so!"

She smiled up at him—an intimate sort of smile, to conceal the anxious thumping of her heart. "Don," she said, "what did Celia tell you that night. I mean, I was just sort of wondering . . ."

"Oh." He looked embarrassed then. "Just a lot of stuff about cheering you up because you'd had a bad break with that guy at home marrying another girl. I guess it was confidential and I shouldn't be repeating it. But good old Celia! She just wanted us to rally around and all that."

"Oh," Abbie said. And a moment later she said again, in a vague surprised voice, "Oh." Because dimly she was beginning to remember things. She remembered how Bill had said, "You've got even Celia worried about you." And that had seemed inconsequential at the time, but now . . . She remembered other things too. Celia saying, "Poor Kathie, her allowance is going to be cut . . . Poor Ellen, we must cheer her up. She's just flunked her math exam. Poor Abbie . . ." In a way it almost seemed as though Celia enjoyed people's troubles.

Maybe, Abbie thought in astonishment, Celia liked to do that. Undermine her friends with pity in order to call attention to herself. Magnify everyone's difficulties so that she would seem impervious and sympathetic and some-

how superior. And perhaps she did it unconsciously, or she might do it on purpose. But it didn't matter, because the result was the same. And if her friends were having a fine time, and everything was going well, Celia could even create troubles for them.

"I think I see," Abbie said. And she smiled wanly. "Most boys," she said, "don't date girls because they feel sorry for them. Isn't that so, Don?"

"What's that?" Don said. He was swooping backward, and of course he hadn't followed her intricate thoughts. She saw that Don was typical, because as soon as he'd found that he could stop feeling sorry for her he'd become interested again.

But there really wasn't any defense against what Celia had done. You couldn't combat sympathy; it was all-pervading and curiously final. She tried it on Don, as a sort of forlorn experiment. She said, "As a matter of fact, Don, Celia was wrong about all that. I don't know where she got the idea. Maybe she just invented it out of thin air!"

But Don looked uneasy again, and a little sorry for her. "Sure, sure," he said, without conviction. And he added, with an embarrassed grin, "I can't imagine it, myself. Not with a girl like you, Abbie."

Quite obviously he didn't believe her. Because Celia's honest, outspoken sympathy was like that—so sincere, so selfless and disinterested that it seemed, on the surface, inconceivable that it could be based on anything but kindness. But really it was all wrong, Abbie thought miserably. Because you should build your friends up. You should make them seem popular and impervious, and good in their lessons and happy at home. You should make them seem the way they wanted to be.

The music stopped then, and Abbie said, "I'd better join the others. Thanks for the dance, Don."

"Sure thing," Don agreed. And he grinned cheerfully, but he still looked perplexed.

Abbie went back to the table. Bill and Celia were engrossed in conversation. Celia's brown eyes had a satisfied, sympathetic sparkle, and Pete had long since wandered off to another table.

Abbie slipped into her place at the table, and Celia awarded her a sympathetic smile and turned back to Bill. She had the centre of the stage now. She had succeeded in breaking up all the happiness around her, so of course she was having a fine time. And it was all perfectly apparent, but that didn't help at all, because there wasn't anything you could do about those soft confining manacles of pity.

Maybe it wasn't sporting, or even fair, but the results were deadly just the same. And, realizing that, Abbie was suddenly angry clear through so that she didn't care what anyone thought of her, ever. She reached for a cigarette and Bill lit it and Celia smiled gently. "Did you have a good time, darling?" she asked.

"Very," Abbie said abruptly. "But right now I'm bored to death. When are you two going to start cheering me up? I have an idea you're falling down on the job."

Bill looked astonished, but that didn't matter, either. She was beyond caring about anyone. "For goodness sake, start rallying around," she snapped impatiently. "Isn't that your role in life, Celia? And how about you, Bill?

JOAN FONTAINE

UNDER CONTRACT TO DAVID O. SELZNICK, SOON TO APPEAR IN TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION, "JANE EYRE"



How YOU can have her American Beauty Skin-Tone



Joan Fontaine advises—



Who wouldn't love you?

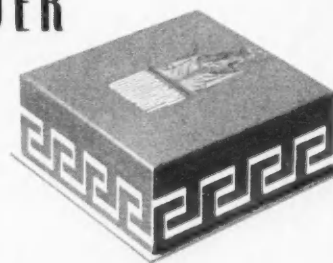
"If your skin is like mine—neither blonde-fair nor brunette-dark, then be careful to choose face powder that gives a fresh, warm glow. Otherwise your skin may look dull." Wear Woodbury Windsor Rose. This lovely Woodbury Powder shade is expertly blended to give your skin the exciting, luscious, alive American Beauty look.

Your Woodbury shade will help you to glamour. For Hollywood film directors helped select it, and it's made by the Woodbury Color Control process. Choose from: *Windsor Rose*, *Rachel* (Hedy Lamarr's shade), *Flesh* (Veronica Lake's shade), *Brunette* (Dorothy Lamour's shade). Get a box today—16¢, 25¢.

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Color-Controlled

"Her Make-up Shades! A Hollywood type chart in every Woodbury Powder box tells the Woodbury lipstick and rouge shades that go with each shade of powder. Get your harmonizing, glamourizing Woodbury make-up today.



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(MADE IN CANADA)

Why have Rough, Grimy Hands?
Use this old family remedy



WORKERS in many munitions plants have discovered a new way to protect their hands against the grime, grit and dirt which become ground into the skin of fingers and knuckles, and against the roughening, chapping effect of harsh cleansers often used on hands when the day's work is over.

Before they start work, they rub 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly well into the hands. This protective coating helps to keep dirt and grime from working right into the skin. When work is over, hands are easier to wash clean quickly.

'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly also softens rough, red hands and helps to heal tender, chapped skin.

So use 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly daily. The trademark VASELINE is your guarantee of absolute purity.

Chesbrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal.

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Try 'Vaseline' Carbulated Petroleum Jelly for minor cuts, wounds and burns and 'Vaseline' Borated Petroleum Jelly for inflamed eyelids, or nasal irritations.



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TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

Beauty Brevities

DO YOU know that scalp massage is one of the very best ways to encourage growth of hair? And here's how it's done. Start the massage at the nape of your neck by pressing thumbs well into the base of your skull. Work carefully round neck to ears, thus pepping up circulation. Then lift scalp, press and knead in circular movement of the fingers and palms of the hand until your head feels pink and well exercised all over. Finish off by giving your hair a thorough brushing with a stiff-bristled brush.

☆☆

Here are some tips for fingernail care. If you have the misfortune to hit your nail, and you're afraid it's bruised, dip your finger in extremely hot water and keep it there for half an hour—this will prevent your nail from turning black.

☆☆

To salvage a torn nail, paste a piece of tissue over the crack with colorless polish, then cover nail and tissue with two coats of deep-tinted lacquer.

☆☆

To repair chipped polish, stipple the edge of the nail with a thinly filled brush, then apply a coat over the whole nail.

☆☆

To conserve nail lacquer, be sure the cap fits tightly on the bottle so polish won't thicken and evaporate. A good trick is to run cold cream around the thread of the cap so it won't stick.

☆☆

Toenails, like fingernails, should be filed, never cut.

☆☆

When you're travelling on bus or streetcar, and sit opposite someone whose face looks drab and weary, do you, unconsciously, feel your own spirits sinking down in sympathy? One sure way to avoid a tired strained expression is by the expert use of make-up before you leave home. For example, pink-tinted powder seems to erase tired lines more successfully than darker shades and lots of lipstick gives your face an undaunted chin-up look which is colorful and warm on dark winter days.

☆☆

And, speaking of makeup, powder always adds the final smooth touch after you've used a good foundation base. Be sure to pat it on all over your face till you look as though you'd been dipped in a flour barrel, then, with a piece of face tissue, dust off any which isn't absorbed by your powder base.

There are still some folk, 'way off the beam, who believe powder is harmful to the complexion. Once and for all let's get this straight. Powder does not clog pores or cause blackheads or whiteheads—neither does it grow hair. (It would be worth millions if it did!)



New Cream Deodorant

Safely helps
Stop Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.



ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

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39¢ a jar
(Also in 15¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

ITCH STOPPED QUICKLY
Use D.D.D. Prescription
Quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles
35c Bottle, at druggists proves it or money back



Don't blame your
DRESS SHOP
If there is a shortage of
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The hazards and uncertainties of War make it difficult for us to keep you supplied with VIEGELLA. We must all be patient until Victory is won and stocks of VIEGELLA are normal again.

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
LUX TESTED
36" and 54" wide. At all leading stores or write
Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St., Toronto

Rub your
Absorbine Jr.
in

a little goes
a long way

Suffering from "Cold Weather Joints"? Absorbine Jr. may really help you. Apply a few drops—rub it in! As your circulation increases, Nature releases certain lubricating fluids in the joints—they seem to limber up—feel "easy." Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. \$1.25 a bottle at all drugstores. W. P. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal.

ABSORBINE Jr.

Mercolized Wax Cream Solves the Problem of Daily Skin Care

The necessity of systematic daily care of the skin cannot be stressed too often if women want to hold their skin beauty through the years. Mercolized Wax Cream is an ideal home skin treatment for every day because it is applied so easily and you know it will be beneficial to your skin. Its thirty-five years of popularity with lovely women in all parts of the world is sufficient proof of how well it has filled its mission. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream today to make your skin lovelier.

Use Saxolite Astringent. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel to make a beneficial astringent lotion for daily skin care.

At all drug and department stores.

GOT CATARRH?

New British Remedy, 'NOSTROLINE', instantly relieves your Catarrh. Clears head. Opens breathing passages. Stops nasal discharge. 'NOSTROLINE' acts in 30 seconds. Defeats infection in nose, throat and chest. Ends Head Colds overnight. Banishes Head Noises. It must be 'NOSTROLINE.' 50c. all Druggists.

'NOSTROLINE'
CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR
...AND LOOK 10
YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

questions and contributed no solution. Why shouldn't the mothers of high school youngsters conduct a private probe of the method of teaching history in the schools and investigate until they can point out the source of the failure and the way to correct it? In the United States the Parent-Teacher Association exists primarily for this purpose, and if the advantages of parent-teacher contact which this organization affords were used by all mothers, we should witness a tremendous advance in education.

Better still, why shouldn't postwar mothers set out themselves to study history and the causes of war and the causes of peace—so they may teach their children? It is an old saying that men drink wisdom and philosophy and patriotism from the breasts of their mothers.

One job which women in the United States and Canada can do and should do is to support actively the political party whose aims best match their views of what is right—whether that party is Liberal, Conservative or Canadian Commonwealth Federation in Canada or Republican or Democratic in the United States or one of the smaller parties. The party system is the root of democracy and energetic, competitive parties stimulate good government.

There is another organization which has accomplished much in the United States, and that is the non-partisan League of Women Voters. The members of this league receive what amounts to a liberal education in world affairs and legislation pending before their local, state and national governments—something our schools do not provide. Each member of the League of Women Voters then carries this knowledge to every member of her community she can reach. And then, when she has made a "bloc" of voters on any given issue, she takes care to notify candidates for office in her town or city, her Congressman and Senators exactly how her "bloc" feels on this issue.

Many a Congressman and Senator in Washington is haunted by the feeling that the league is looking over his shoulder and watching every move he makes, which, in itself, is enough to make most legislators tread lightly and carefully and think before they vote.

These are but a few examples. There are any number of women's organizations in the United States and Canada which accomplish a great deal now but could accomplish far more if they were supported and actively aided by greater numbers of their sex.

THE TROUBLE is that many women's clubs which are formed for high purposes quickly degenerate into pleasure groups. Too many women would still rather enter a bridge tournament than risk being accused of jousting with the ideological windmills of politics and foreign affairs.

For women's organizations are frequently the victims of male ridicule and female scepticism, which is quick to propagandize the impression that women's clubs and associations accomplish no purpose but gab. I have studied many women's organizations in the past years, and I have seen few which have failed to obtain their objective, when that objective was a practical and worthy one.

Think of the great good that the various war relief societies, which are run almost exclusively by women, have done. Why couldn't women work just as hard and just as effectively in peacetime

Light your smile
with the lustre
that Powder gives to teeth!

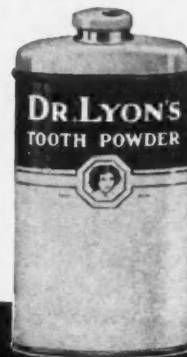


For cleaner, fresher brilliance...
use DR. LYON'S on a moist brush

TO BE beautiful, teeth must be bright... clean... kept free of lustre-dulling film. So care for yours with powder—Dr. Lyon's used regularly on a moist brush. For experience shows that no dentifrice can cleanse teeth more effectively than the simple combination of powder and water!

The better the powder, of course, the more thorough the cleansing. That's why Dr. Lyon's, Canada's leading tooth powder, is used by millions elsewhere, too. Developed by a distinguished practicing dentist, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder contains no acid, no pumice, nothing to injure tooth enamel. Yet it brightens teeth from the first brushing. Refreshes the mouth. Yes, and it also saves you money! Matched for price, Dr. Lyons' outlasts tooth paste two-to-one.

Your druggist has Dr. Lyon's. Ask for it today. You need no empty tube when you get Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder.



For brighter, cleaner teeth...

DR. LYON'S
TOOTH POWDER... on a moist brush

Softer, Smoother Skin ...

FOR YOU

with just One Cake of Camay!



"I'll always be grateful to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for the softer, smoother look of my skin," says this lovely Camay bride, Mrs. John L. Cross, Jr.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



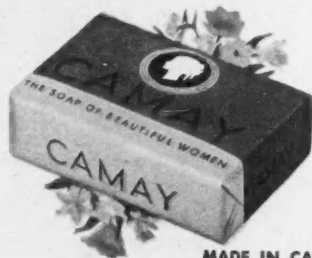
Mild Camay cleanses without irritation!

WISHING for a skin that sparkles with new loveliness—that's softer, smoother to touch? It is *yours*—with one cake of Camay—your very first cake! Simply go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet! They know this mild cleansing actually helps soften and smooth your skin. You see, Camay is so wonderfully mild, it cleanses *without irritation*.

Start tonight—to bring out the "pret-

tier you" in your skin! Change to proper MILD cleansing—to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Day-by-day—with just one cake of Camay—your skin will look softer, fresher, more velvety-smooth.



MADE IN CANADA

Aren't you supposed to make me forget all those secret sorrows?"

They both stared at her blankly. And then Celia said, rather sharply, "What's the matter, Abbie? Are you out of your mind?"

"Probably," Abbie said. "Couldn't you arrange for a psychiatrist? Or isn't that part of the routine? Is it just a matter of a little healthy pity to put a girl properly in her place? Anyway, I'm leaving. Celia, you go ahead and cheer Bill up. I'm sure he must have a lot of very convenient little troubles."

She started to rise, but Bill stopped her. "Just a moment," he said. And he looked at Celia in bewilderment. "What's all this about?" he asked. "What is Abbie driving at, anyway?"

Celia looked a little confused. "I haven't the slightest idea," she stammered. "Whatever I did I was only trying to help."

"Oh," Bill said. And he added, with a dawning comprehension in his dark eyes, "I believe I do understand. You have a special method of helping all your own. Is that it, Celia?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Celia protested.

But Bill was looking grim. "I think you do," he said quietly. "It's a very fundamental form of treachery, Celia. Hard to detect, too. But if you keep it up you're going to need help yourself, and maybe that won't be so easy to find."

"You're simply out of your mind, both of you!" Celia said abruptly. She stood up, looking flushed and rather insulted, "I'm going to join Pete," she said. "I've had just about enough of this nonsense!" And she walked quickly to a nearby table, where Pete was making an obvious play for Debbie Smith, and didn't seem at all pleased to see her.

Bill watched them for a moment, his dark eyes withdrawn and thoughtful. "I gather Pete is tired of it too by now," he said at last. "Celia has got onto a very subtle way of undermining happiness. If you hadn't made fun of her I might never have realized..."

"I know," Abbie said wearily. "I guess she tried it just once too often."

"And I fell for it hook, line and sinker," he admitted miserably. "That big-sister act of hers is pretty darn convincing."

Abbie was still confused; she didn't understand quite what had happened. But she saw that Bill was just as mad and just as miserable as she had been before. She said, "You look like a good case for Celia yourself right now."

He smiled bleakly. "She was doing the same thing to me," he said. "Lining up a lot of troubles that don't even exist. And there isn't any comeback. No clue... Abbie, will you ever forgive me?"

He was looking so dejected that it was hard not to smile. "Maybe," she said calmly. "I haven't quite decided yet."

"But I haven't much time," he pointed out. "Lord, Abbie, what a fool I've been!"

"It's a pretty infallible system," Abbie said. "Poor Bill! Wouldn't you like some of us to rally around?"

He began to look happier then. "Only you," he said quickly. "Shall we have one more dance, Abbie? Just one and then go?"

And so they danced, and it was like the first time... Bill didn't pay much attention to the music. And several times he drew her close. "Abbie, will you forgive me?" he whispered.

The music was soft and the lights were dim, and now there were no questions between them at all. And maybe that showed in her face, for pretty soon they saw Don Barber lumbering toward them across the floor. "There's that guy after you again," Bill said abruptly. "Come on, let's leave." He pulled her back to the table and paid the bill and helped her into the little brown jacket. "I'm not going to let you go again," he said.

So pretty soon they were walking back through the darkened campus. Bill said, "It isn't fair. Those other guys can come around and see you when I'm down at camp."

"That's so," Abbie admitted demurely.

Her silky brown hair was blowing against his sleeve. And after a while he said, "I can't get you out of my mind. I've never met a girl like you, Abbie. You're so darn sweet..."

Abbie hoped she wasn't going to cry, and then she knew she couldn't help herself. They had stopped walking, some place near the old beech tree on the darkened lawn. And Bill put his arms around her. He said, "Maybe around Easter we could get married. Would that be all right, Abbie?"

"That would be all right," she whispered.

For a moment the button on his tunic caught in her hair, caught there and tugged gently... And then he was kissing her, and the release was like a kind of pain. Because she knew then that everything would be all right, always; it had to be because of this shaken wonder in her heart. ♣

Women Can Win the Peace :: Continued from page 6

It will be a class whose work will be seen and felt everywhere, on every street, in every town and village and in the central government offices of every country.

AS AN example of the work women can do, there is one matter which is close to them and to their children—a knowledge of their country's history. Several months ago the New York Times conducted among college freshmen a survey on American history which revealed such ignorance as would be ludicrous if it were not deplorable.

More than 150 of the freshmen taking this test listed Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, as the president of the United States during the Civil War. Students attributed to Thomas Jefferson the discovery of

electricity and a career as a Salvation Army worker. Thirty per cent of the students, a total of 2,077, could not name correctly the president of the United States during World War I, and only six per cent could name the thirteen original states. Half of the students confused William James, the psychologist, with Jesse James, the bandit. (I feel particularly sensitive about this poll, since one of the questions asked was: "Name a prominent figure, not now living, connected with the movement for women's rights." My name led all the others...)

Later a number of learned professors and college presidents gave their profound opinions on the cause of this failure in the history curriculum of American schools, but, like most profound observations, these answered no

wrong idea. I suppose when I became a V.A.D. I saw myself as a sort of Florence Nightingale. Through the Smoke and Flame—tending the wounded. I don't know what I thought. But I let myself be shunted into a civil hospital. And here I am. Never any excitement. The same old thing, day after day. Two years now. Good heavens, I don't want to talk like this! I don't mean it really."

"Of course you mean it. It's one of those moments. We all have them. I had my ideas too, Smoke and flame, as you put it. Succouring the wounded in some far-flung battle line, and escaping my destined dull mediocrity. But it didn't work out like that. It's still Mrs. Smith, and old Bill Jones, and will I go to Myrtle Villas, and so it will be for years, with no medals and memories to decorate my future. Remind me to talk to you one day about all this. It might help you—that is the bus arriving."

It was, but Rachel did not move. She was staring, her eyes tangled in the deep bright gaze of the man who had ceased to smile at her.

With the effect of a physical effort she shook herself free.

"I must go," she said breathlessly.

Dr. Anderson nodded. "To turn yourself into Rachel, 1938 vintage. I have an idea that I know what you were like then." He shut his eyes, as if the better to visualize her, but really because he could not bear the sight of her face, paled by that unlooked-for awareness on it. His heart was pounding and he asked himself what was happening. She was engaged, in love with this man, whoever he was. As good as married. He was imagining her present reactions. But could you imagine thunder and lightning, and the change on the face of the beloved as the storm struck it?

"I think you were one of these young lovelies, finishing school in Paris, and the right clothes for the right places and you played all the time."

"It wasn't Paris. It was Switzerland," Rachel said. She added defiantly, "And the rest of it—it was fun while it lasted." She had a hazy incoherent vision of herself and her friends—Mona, now in a munitions factory, Giselle, in North Africa, Barbara, killed driving an ambulance in an air-raid. And the only end they had ever foreseen to their young gay chapter had been a wedding at St. Marks...

"I'm sure it was fun," Dr. Anderson said. "But you can't go back, you know."

No, she could not go back. Life was now as remote from that one as if she had stepped into another planet. Another dimension. Yet she planned to go back. Or Philip planned for her. All this dreary waiting was a waiting to go back.

"I don't think you would want to, even if you could," Dr. Anderson said. He had laid his hand so often in imagination against her soft cheek that he

hardly noticed himself doing it now. He drew his forefinger lightly round the shadows and the fine lines which netted her eyes and he whispered:

"Your eyes aren't those of a good time girl any more. They've seen too much. Once they only saw Rachel, lovely Rachel, wherever they looked. Now you've learned to see other people. Am I talking nonsense?"

Rachel could not answer.

"I suppose I am," the man continued. "Probably because my way of life, and any woman who travels with me, must—" he stopped, and Rachel twisted away her mesmerized head and said unsteadily:

"I must go."

THE NURSES' bus rattled along the winding road, hanging daringly onto the tail of a service lorry. The young girl beside Rachel complained, "You aren't listening."

Rachel said, with an effort, "I am. But I cannot advise you. If you want to make a career of nursing, then do as Matron says. If you have other plans for after the war, stay a V.A.D. It is simple."

"It isn't so simple. I haven't any plans. I don't know that I want to be a nurse always. But years of drudging at it, and nothing to show at the end of the war if you don't take the exams, seems silly. But having to give up time to lectures and study and all that... I don't know." The girl was silent for a while and then said, "It's different for you, being well-off. Not that dad couldn't always keep me, of course. But I mean mink coats and trips abroad and everything."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Rachel said irritably, "I haven't a penny. I thought you all knew that. You talk about me enough."

"Well, we knew your people had lost all their money in the war, but you've had it. All those things. And being engaged. You've got your future all settled."

Have I? Rachel thought.

"You're going out with him tonight, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"It makes all the difference," the girl sighed. She added vaguely, "Taking you out so that you can get into a different environment. And giving you marvellous presents. He's awfully good-looking, isn't he?"

"I think so," Rachel said.

"I do too. And Grierson simply raves. He spoke to her once in the lounge room while he was waiting for you. She thinks he looks like Charles Boyer. Grierson was engaged once, did you know? To some man who kept her hanging about for years and then went off and married someone else. I think a girl's a fool who does that, don't you?"

"Does what?"

Description of Patterns on pages 30 and 31

4897—Misses' and women's two-piece suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: Jacket: 2 3/4 of 35-inch material with or without nap; 2 3/4 of 39-inch; 2 1/4 of 41-inch; 1 1/2 of 54-inch. Lining: 1 1/2 of 39-inch. Skirt: 1 3/4 of 35-inch, 39-inch or 41-inch; 1 1/4 of 54-inch. Price, 25 cents.

4898—Misses' and women's tuxedo coat in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 16: 3 3/4 of 35-inch or 2 1/2 of 54-inch material with nap; 2 1/4 of 54-inch plain material. Lining and Facing: 3 3/4 of 39-inch. Contrasting Facing: 1/2 yard of 54-inch fur fabric. 1 3/4 of 35-inch, 39-inch material with or without nap. Lining: 2 3/4 of 39-inch. Price, 25 cents.

4898—Misses' and women's two-piece suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Sizes 16: 4 of 35-inch; 3 1/2 of 39-inch; 3 3/4 of 41-inch; 4 yards of 35-inch material with nap; 2 1/2 of 54-inch material with nap. Lining for Jacket: 1 3/4 of 39-inch. Price, 25 cents.

4896—Women's dress in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52. Size 42: 3 3/4 of 35-inch;

3 3/4 of 39-inch; 3 1/4 of 41-inch; 2 3/4 of 54-inch. A purchased belt is used. Price, 25 cents.

4870—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 1/2 of 35-inch; 3 1/2 of 39-inch, 2 3/4 of 41-inch or 2 3/4 of 54-inch plaid material. A purchased belt is used. Price, 20 cents.

4873—Misses' dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16: 3 of 39-inch or 41-inch or 2 1/4 of 54-inch lengthwise striped material. Contrasting collar and cuffs: 3/8 yard of 35-inch or 39-inch material. A purchased belt is used. Price, 20 cents.

4874—Misses' dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16: 3 1/2 of 35-inch, 3 1/2 of 39-inch, 3 of 41-inch or 2 1/4 of 54-inch plaid material. Price, 25 cents.

4898—Misses' and women's two-piece suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 4 of 35-inch; 3 1/2 of 39-inch; 3 3/4 of 41-inch material; 2 1/2 of 54-inch or 4 of 35-inch material with nap. Price, 25 cents.



FROM

The Medical Services of
Canada's Armed Forces and
the Department of Pensions
and National Health

TO

The People of Canada

SUBJECT Venereal Diseases

1. Canada has launched a national campaign to remove the shadow of venereal infection from its war effort and its home life.
2. Never in our history was time more opportune for the final overthrow of venereal infection. New drugs and improved public health procedures are available for the attack.
3. You and your community can support the extension of treatment facilities and the correction of community conditions which spread infection.
4. Venereal disease can be conquered if the citizens of Canada so desire! Success depends upon an enlightened public!

DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS?

Syphilis is Dangerous! If untreated, it can destroy health and mind. It can wreck marriages. It can cause disability among productive workers. Early symptoms may disappear, deceiving the victim into neglecting medical care. Then, sometimes years later, syphilis strikes.

Syphilis is Curable! The first step toward cure is the guidance of a reputable physician. Prompt, regular treatment cures most cases. Delay reduces the chance of

cure... self-treatment is worse than no treatment. Medical science is continually searching for improved methods of treatment. Just now, its attention is directed toward ways of safely shortening the period of treatment. Meanwhile, it is advisable to continue treatment over the longer period which is known to give excellent results.

"The Facts About Syphilis" is the title of a free booklet which Metropolitan will gladly send you upon request.

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"this One Complete Cream
is all I need" says **TERESA WRIGHT**



TERESA WRIGHT
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"THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS"

"Just this one cream—I'm all set to give my skin complete beauty care," says lovely Teresa Wright. "Woodbury Cold Cream, all alone, does everything to help my skin look its loveliest. It's what every girl needs these busy days."

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Yes! All you need is Woodbury Cold Cream. It cleanses expertly. Freshens. Softens, smooths exquisitely. Gives a silken finish for powder. Acts as a grand night cream, helping smooth away tiny dry-skin lines.

Four special softening, smoothing ingredients make this cream extra beautifying. It gives extra help against blemishes because of an exclusive ingredient, Stericin, always working to purify the cream in the jar, in case dust brings blemish-causing germs. Get a jar today. 25¢ and 50¢.

EVERY NIGHT take the 3-minute Beauty Night Cap: Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream. Pat on more. Leave a film of it on all night... use it for daytime cleansings, too.

Woodbury Cold Cream

THE COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

(MADE IN CANADA)

to relieve suffering and injustices not caused by bombs? To this there is no answer except that women, alas, like men, grow lazy in peacetimes.

There is, for example, a big and immediate task for women of leisure who want to aid the victims of a maladjusted and prejudiced peacetime employment system. Why can't housewives fight the injustices which confront on every side their privately employed sisters? Particularly, why can't they fight in the coming battle, now in the skirmish stage, for equal pay for equal work? In the United States many women workers with skill and experience are receiving less than the starting pay of unskilled men in the same company.

To cite one instance of this—a survey of department stores conducted by the U. S. Department of Labor before the war revealed that more than seven tenths of the women, most of whom were employed as salesgirls, were paid less than 30 cents an hour. In the same stores almost one third of the boys and men, who worked as packers, cleaners and at other types of unskilled manual labor, received more than 30 cents an hour.

Even in some war plants, at a time when women workers are desperately needed, their wage scale is far below that of the men employees. On the whole men seem perfectly satisfied with this situation, not realizing that during the depression one survey of large American cities revealed that 26.2% of the men were unemployed, while only 18.9% of the women in the labor force were jobless—simply because women were working for such low wages that it was profitable to keep them and discharge the higher paid men.

Fortunately for you, a Gallup Poll in Canada indicated that at least 73% of the men were fully convinced that women who replace men in industry should be paid equal wages. The 20% of the men polled who were undecided and the 7% who opposed equal pay should reflect about the difficulties of competing against a rival of recognized worth but cheaper price.

THE PROBLEM of inequitable wages for women cannot be solved in the U. S. by minimum wage laws—even in the 26 states which have adopted such legislation—for a minimum wage may be far below a fair wage for the work done. Only an intensive campaign conducted by women can win fair and decent wages for women, and thus keep up the wage scale of the whole labor market.

In the United States many women

feel we cannot have any class of workers whose low wage scale undermines our high standard of living. We cannot afford cheap Oriental labor, cheap immigrant labor or cheap female labor.

So here are a few aspects of the problems which men have not solved—the problems of building a sane world in which peace will have at least a chance to thrive, the construction of a sound economy which offers the same wage opportunities to all who must work, the education of the citizenry for intelligent participation in their government, which we must have if the democratic system is to survive.

The housewives of Canada and the United States have everything at stake in our postwar world—their future, the future of their children, the future of their country. As an ever better organized and informed phalanx of public opinion, they will be heard and they will have their way if theirs is the right, the unselfish, the progressive way.

We women must renounce for all time the tradition that it is unseemly for a woman to mix in politics or world affairs, just as we have broken the tradition that woman's place can never be in factory or office. The women of Europe accepted that outworn tradition too long, and that is why many of them today are trying to derail Nazi troop trains, blow up Nazi factories or cut the throats of Nazi sentries. Those women are now concerned only with the destruction of the Nazi system in the hope that some day they will get another chance actively to aid in constructing a democratic one of their own. Under the German occupation a great many women have probably changed their opinion that politics is beyond their domain, their intelligence or their ability.

Canadian and American women will share many of the same postwar problems. By exchanging their views and their experiences in meeting these problems, the women of our two countries can set a fine example for the women of other countries. They can set such an example of co-operation and understanding as our two neighbor nations, in more than a century of unbroken friendship and mutual trust, have already set for the entire world.

There are 143,000,000 people in Canada and the United States. Seventy million of them are women. That is an awful lot of women. If they were ever to make up their minds that they were going to take a hand in things—"do something about it"—they'd do it.

It Won't Be a Stylish Marriage :: Continued from page 15

you're made, can you? And that Nurse Blake spoke so sharp, it just set her back..."

Rachel refused to smile. And in any case she was ashamed and said as much.

"But I had spent ages washing the incredible garments she was wearing when the ambulance brought her in. There was no need for it. I'd been told to burn them. Then I thought of coupons and the difficulty these working women have in finding money for clothes. I'd dried and pressed them and brought them to her, expecting, I suppose, cries of applause."

"And you got no applause. Your work was ignored and you got a complaint about something else. I think your sense of humor and your sense of proportion had gone to sleep." Dr. Anderson was smiling, but his eyes were serious and wise and, in spite of him-

self, tender, because he had been in love with this golden girl for months. His arduous days were lighted only by the occasional sight of her, and when he was alone during the rare hours he had for leisure and thought, he thought about her passionately and with great longing. He had been at first appalled; marvelling that such a thing could happen to him. But it had, heaven knew why. He had known other women as lovely, and others more endowed with brains and character. But this was the girl. She had entered into possession of his shy stern soul, and he could not for the life of him drive her out.

He watched her milky throat and the childish tremble of her mouth as she defended herself.

"I've said I'm ashamed. I don't often—I—just sometimes. It gets so monotonous. I didn't think—one has the

Hat and Bag Hook-up

SOME VERY zingy new date addenda . . . such as these smart bag and hat sets . . . is yours for the making. A crochet hook, some thread and your busy fingers for a few evenings . . . all from exclusive Chatelaine patterns.



S15. Combine gay feathers with this simple forward-tipping tidbit. Simple to make, requires no blocking. Exclusive Chatelaine pattern price ten cents.

S16. Late winter white is your smartest accessory keynote. Crochet this Dutch cap and drawstring bag in a few evenings. Exclusive Chatelaine pattern, ten cents.



S17. Sophistication in cotton crochet. Do it in white and beige from an easy Chatelaine pattern, price ten cents.

S18. White spiced with black; a smart early spring sailor with matching carry-all bag. Chatelaine pattern, price ten cents.

These are all exclusive Chatelaine crochet patterns, and may be obtained by writing to Chatelaine Fashion Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto. Order by number.



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So Hurried Dam-Builders
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CRAMPS: One ingredient of Midol swiftly relieves functional spasmodic pain, the "cramps" of the menstrual process.

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"BLUES" Midol's third ingredient, a mild stimulant, picks you up—helps chase menstrual "blues"!

RELIEVES ALL 3 KINDS OF FUNCTIONAL MENSTRUAL SUFFERING

Take Midol at the first sign of oncoming suffering. It contains no opiates—should provide fast, effective comfort if you have no organic disorder needing special medical or surgical care. All drug stores.

MIDOL

MADE IN CANADA

"Never looks at anyone else while a man makes up his mind whether he wants to get married or not. I'd have too much pride. But it happens quite often. A girl I used to go to school with..."

YES, IT happens quite often, Rachel thought bitterly. And one finds one has not got enough pride. You've waited so long for a bus, you might as well go on waiting.

The girl went droning on and Rachel could not bear it. She said irritably, "Benson, do you mind shutting up? I've got a splitting head."

"Sorry, I've sure," Benson said, offended, and a moment later Rachel was sorry she had silenced her because the bus had halted at a crossroads where traffic was heavy, and she found herself staring at Dr. Anderson's house, an unlovely house, impressive only by reason of its humbler, uglier neighbors. The small front garden strip was neglected, overgrown with weeds, and in the front bow-windowed room the black-out curtains were still darkly drawn, as they had been all through the sunlit day.

"That woman who housekeeps for Dr. Anderson might at least draw the curtains and let some sun into the house," she said angrily. Then her mouth fell open in astonishment at herself. But the girl beside her, preoccupied, did not reply. Rachel pressed her lips tightly together, but she was trembling.

She knew that Dr. Anderson lived alone except for the housekeeper. She remembered now the indignation of one of the Sisters when there was a question of the doctor's servant being called up. "Evidently the Government thinks that the few doctors left to carry on general practice won't be worked to death quickly enough, so they intend to starve them to death, by calling up their servants. That poor man is practically starved as it is, with the wretched woman he has; lazy, dirty, neglectful. I told her a thing or two one day. But now..."

In a little trance of wonderment Rachel realized that she knew a great deal about Dr. Anderson. It was as though during these months her brain and her emotions had photographed him, and the negative had lain undeveloped in her soul until this evening. Now clear, and intimately known, she possessed him as if she had done so for a long time. She was very disturbed, and glad when the bus drew up at the hostel, an old convent, where the probationers and V.A.D.'s were housed austere but well.

"I'm tired of this place," she thought. "I'll get transferred somehow. Or do something else. Nursing isn't the only thing to do in a war."

As if Dr. Anderson had challenged her she took great pains to make herself beautiful for her evening. Though she was always soignée, tonight there was a shine about her which made her cubicle mate say:

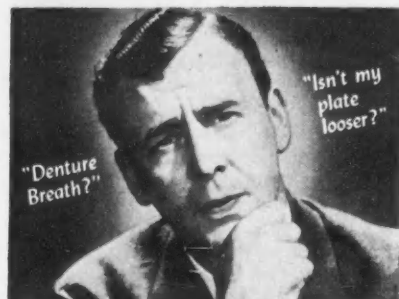
"You look as if you've just rolled, spanking new, off the assembly line. How do you do it?"

"The will-to-live and pre-war cosmetics," Rachel said briefly. She wished that her spirit were as shining as her body. She found no high delight in the prospect of her evening, though she had not seen Philip for two weeks.

But Philip did not look beyond her appearance and so found nothing amiss, nor noticed that she was quiet under his kiss. ♦ Continued on page 44

FALSE TEETH WEARERS WHY RISK THESE TWO DANGERS

BY BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS?



DENTURE BREATH... LOOSENED PLATES

Brushing your plates with makeshift cleaners, such as tooth pastes, tooth powders and soap, may scratch the denture material which is 60 times softer than natural teeth. These scratches cause odorous stains, film and food particles to collect faster, cling tighter—resulting in Denture Breath. Besides, such brushing may wear down the delicate fitting ridges and thus loosen your plate.

PLAY SAFE—USE POLIDENT

DO THIS EVERY DAY

Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes, or longer if convenient. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



NO BRUSHING, no danger when you soak your plates in Polident. No worry about scratching or wearing down the plate. Yet, the daily Polident bath keeps your plates sparkling clean and odor-free. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials.



DOUBLY SAFE! Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing. Polident used daily helps maintain the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—40¢; 7 oz. size—75¢.

Stafford-Miller (of Canada), Limited,
172 John Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

POLIDENT

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

SPEED THE VICTORY

Buy Victory Bonds
and War Savings
Certificates

With the CWACS Overseas :: Continued from page 9

spoiled member of the Forty-first family and has his own interesting history. Lieutenant Alice Roussel, messing officer, suffered the loss of the original Muffet in a car accident, but the Norwegians next door heard about it and when their mascot had a fine litter, they selected the prettiest pup, tied a card round his neck with the message, "A gift from Norway," and delivered it to the girls' front door.

Visit the big clean kitchens downstairs where Corporal Cook Craplebe from Winnipeg is in charge. Taste her fresh yeast rolls warm from the oven and light as thistledown. Then when you're upstairs again, ask the girls about her Canadian chocolate cake, which is the specialty of the house and often appears with tea or cocoa in the evenings before lights out.

You'll want to take a look at the quartermaster's stores, where Sergeant Hilda Welch of Toronto presides. If you're worried about that daughter or sister of yours who drives an army vehicle in all weathers, let the QMS show you the special high boots for transport girls in battle dress, the good quality khaki shirts and great-coats, the flannelette pyjamas in orderly piles, the warm underwear and the dozens of other items which go to make up a service girl's wardrobe and contribute to comfort and good grooming.

Take a tour around the dormitories on the upper floors. See how the girls sleep, four or six to a room, depending on the space, and observe how each CWAC arranges her own personal souvenirs, her photographs and favorite clippings to brighten up her own corner. Every girl has a special low bedside stand curtained with cretonne to hide her precious cosmetics and trinkets, and there are chests of drawers and hanging space for clothes.

SUCH IS the general pattern for this life away from home which many of our Canadian girls are now experiencing. There are different setups, of course, according to the size and type of barracks made available. The Forty-second company is housed in what was formerly a residential hotel and enjoys a series of spacious lounge rooms and messing quarters. The Forty-third occupies a row of new houses and their special pride is the range of orchid, yellow and green tile bathrooms on the various floors. In all three London barracks there are laundry rooms and electric irons available so that the girls can fuss with their clothes to their hearts' content.

Each company barracks is a self-contained establishment, with its own officers and house and kitchen staff, mess halls and a sick bay with medical corporal in charge, for girls who have to stay in bed with a headache or a cold or other light ailments. Because of this well-ordered community life in cheerful comfortable surroundings, the company spirit seems likely to become a reasonably good wartime substitute for the family spirit. Captain Doris Yarwood from Edmonton, the Forty-second's officer commanding, has found that the girls prefer staying at home after a hard day's work at switchboards or typewriters. The early blackout and the high cost of London entertainment tends to discourage stepping out, and anyway, the girls argue, why go out when you couldn't find anything as attractive and comfy elsewhere? So there are always groups of khaki figures around the piano or listening to the radio or playing ping-

pong in the recreation room, and almost every evening there are friends dropping in, for it's a matter of considered policy to encourage the girls to invite their friends, male and female, to the barracks to meet the officers and others. Some nights there are special classes in French or German, but the great majority of the CWACS prefer to study sewing or interior decoration. Let this be the answer, once for all, to those sceptics who thought a uniform and military discipline would defeminize a woman. The CWACS overseas have one common postwar plan, it seems, and that is to get married and raise a healthy family in a good Canadian home.

IN ADDITION to the CWACS who work for our Army in London there are two important groups busy at their special jobs in the Canadian camp areas. One comprises part of the only mixed (male and female) unit in the field: Number one static base laundry, which brings together picked ordnance men under their own officers and CWAC personnel under the command of Captain Ethel English of Vancouver. The laundry is a vast new plant equipped with the most modern power machinery. It handles a quarter million pounds of laundry every week, a great deal of it coming from Canadian military hospitals. Most of the CWACS working here received special training in modern laundry operation after arriving in Britain. They are now experts at their jobs and their three eight-hour shifts run like clockwork day by day.

Some miles away, in a town that is more Canadian than English, you'll see the familiar CWAC uniform behind the wheel of a staff car or bent over filing cabinets or typewriters in the offices of one of our large reinforcement establishments. Here the living arrangements are different again, the girls being housed in a row of little houses around an open grass space. Lieutenant Gough from Sherbrooke, senior CWAC officer here, occupies the end cottage and has her orderly room next door, but the mess hall and recreation room are situated in town, close by the garages and offices where the girls work.

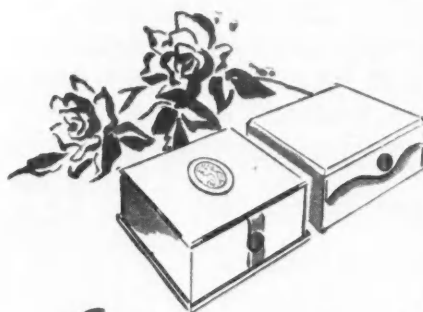
Are the girls happy? I think you'd know the answer if you could listen to the shrieks and chatter at dinner time in any of the messes. Major Alice Sorby, officer commanding all CWACS in Britain, and Major Grace Errol, commandant of the London area, agree that most of the girls go through a month or two of homesickness after arriving, but gradually they settle into the job and the life.

What do they want from home? I asked at least 20 girls and officers, and the answers were just about unanimous. "Tell the folks not to send us tea or coffee or heavy foodstuff," they said. "We are well fed here, and our people at home probably need these things more than we do. But we do love to get facial tissues because they simply don't exist in Britain, our favorite brands of cosmetics and good soap, lots of cigarettes, please, and chocolates, and if there should be an occasional tin of fruit or tomato juice lying around when the box is being packed, we'd like that too. And don't forget to mention that letters are better than almost anything else. After all, we're still Canadians, you know, and though we like Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park, we still think Main Street back home looks pretty good, and we don't want to lose touch with it." ♦



"Such Stuff as Dreams are Made on..."

Those immortal words from Shakespeare's *TEMPEST* express the intangible and indescribable character of Beauty — that which makes a woman's face stand out, remembered, beloved, across the miles, across the years. And Beauty, literally the stuff of dreams, can be so wonderfully enhanced by my Lysetta Powder, used under Mat Foncé to give incredible results, banishing the look of strain and fatigue that comes with modern living, adding new lustre to loveliness.



Lysetta Powder for Daytime...
Mat Foncé to use OVER IT.
All Day Foundation Cream,
Rose Rachel
Magenta Lipstick... Eye-
shadow, Bleu Lavande; Eye
Cosmetique, Black.

Elizabeth Arden
AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN

SCOTTISH NURSE helps relieve MANY AILMENTS with Mustard



MRS. M. MILLER came from Aberdeen, Scotland. She has a nursing home in Swift Current, Sask.

"I learned many of the uses of mustard and its value in home nursing while I was in training in Scotland," explained Mrs. Miller. "One in particular was the method of causing a patient to perspire freely, thus helping to break the fever and eliminate poisons from the body." She described how a flannel blanket is dipped in boiling water containing a half a cup of mustard and then wrung out and wrapped around the patient to induce perspiration.

Bronchial Trouble in Babies

"I never hesitate to use a mustard poultice on small babies in case of bronchial trouble," states Mrs. Miller. "It helps to give quicker, safer relief than any other remedy. I saturate the chest or back with olive oil and apply mild poultices mixed one part mustard to five parts of flour on the affected

areas." Just by knowing this simple fact, thousands of babies may be relieved from bronchial suffering. Never leave a poultice on longer than twenty minutes.

Pure Mustard is Safe Mustard

The best proof of the value of mustard in treating so many common ailments is the fact that thousands of people like Mrs. Miller depend on it year after year. Keep mustard always handy in your home to help relieve Chills or Colds, or when you feel depressed by Grippe or other Winter infections. Use it to help relieve pains of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuritis, over-tired muscles, etc. Call your doctor if symptoms are serious. Be sure that you use famous Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, made entirely from mustard seed of highest quality and packed to preserve its uniform quality and full medicinal strength. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

Free Booklet Describes Medicinal Uses of Mustard

Write Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal, for handy free booklet, "The Mustard Treatment for Rheumatic Pains and Other Disorders," describing the medicinal uses of mustard and the standard methods of using this reliable remedy.

KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD



Take part of your change from your grocer in War Savings Stamps.

HERE'S A
VITAMIN TABLET
I can
afford to give
to my whole family



Just
one
tablet
a day
is all
you
take
—AND
ALL
YOU
PAY
FOR!

Miles Laboratories have brought vitamin tablets down to within easy reach of the average home. Doctors and Druggists will tell you ONE-A-DAY brand Vitamin Tablets are high in vitamin potency: you only need take ONE each day; and that is why the cost is low. There are two kinds. ONE-A-DAY brand, Vitamin A and D Tablets. 30 tablets 45c—90 tablets \$1.00—180 tablets \$1.80. ONE-A-DAY brand, Vitamin B-Compound Tablets. 30 tablets \$1.35—90 tablets \$3.25.

Made by Miles Laboratories, Toronto

ONE A DAY VITAMIN TABLETS

It Won't Be a Stylish Marriage Continued from page 42

"You're looking wonderful," he said. "But then you always do." He was satisfied. He had said to her once, "Never let me see you looking anything but lovely. At your best. War or no war." And to do him justice he was careful himself. There was never any suggestion of slovenliness about him. He wore his uniform with an air, it was always well pressed, and his red tabs and shining brass seemed redder and brassier than other men's. One must look the part, Philip was fond of saying. He was a handsome man, with charm and good manners, and though not very perceptive or intelligent he went about life carefully, determined to "get on." He was very ambitious, and the war had helped his ambitions. A sales manager with an American firm of machinery importers, he had been called up with his age group and had soon got a commission. Now he was in a staff job, and was adequate in it, while making what he called "contacts" which would be useful to him when he returned to his civilian career. He considered himself supremely fortunate to have fallen in love with and won a girl so fitted to share with him the kind of life he wished to live.

He had brought her orchids to wear, and when she smiled her pleasure he said, "The advantage, darling, of not having to buy your bread and butter is that I can give you caviare."

Rachel smiled again obediently, but such remarks had long since ceased to amuse her, though in the beginning of their love affair, in the first high rapture, when to be near this man, to feel his unsteady passionate caress, to hear his broken words of love, had seemed all heaven; she had wanted no more, nor looked ahead. That was two years ago, and falling in love headlong, for the first time, had seemed enough. They had done it to music, on holiday, all shining and golden, and she had agreed with him that their love should be kept like that, and that, in their circumstances, each in their separate services and having very little money between them, marriage could wait until a fit and splendid frame could be given to their life together. But soon, as a woman does, she had seen deeper issues, and wanted more from her love and had wanted its completion. But Philip had talked and laughed and loved her out of immediate marriage, so that for a long time now her pride had been silent while her heart grew weary. But as a woman does, she could not believe that all the love and hopes centred in this man should prove barren. She held tight to her belief in their future together, as an investor of great capital waits for dividends, lacking courage to cut his losses.

In a moment of the desperation which sometimes visited her, she leaned against him in the taxi and, taking his dark handsome head in her hands, she kissed him full and long on the mouth. Then drawing away but close to him, so that her breath was still warm on his face, she whispered, "I want to be married, Philip."

PHILIP tightened his arm round her and laughed ruefully.

"So do I, sweet. When you kiss me like that. It's a curse."

"We could manage very well. A tiny

Continued on page 46

For all the
FAMILY!

Insist on
NON-SLIP
**CAT'S
PAW**
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

"Twin Grippers"
Stop Slipping
Quickly

**VASSAR
WAVERS**

Smart women who always have that well groomed look, use these popular curlers. Soft, no irritating metal to hurt hair or head. Easy to use and to sleep on. Vassar Waves make smart curls or sophisticated waves. At notion counters or order direct from:
W. J. Caley & Co., Dept. 21, King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Extra Dollars... For Your Time

Money may not always bring happiness but it certainly helps a lot. If you want extra dollars—for War Savings Certificates—or to pay current expenses, then write to us for full information of the Fidelity plan for earning extra dollars in spare time.

FIDELITY CIRCULATION COMPANY
"Spare Time Department"
210 Dundas Street W., Toronto, Ont.

WALK ON
*Happy
feet*



• Why put up with stabbing pain at every step? Get a Blue-Jay Corn Plaster on that corn now. Makes it feel easier right away, as the corn is cushioned and the Blue-Jay medication starts to work. Best of all, Blue-Jay helps get rid of the corn—helps soften it up so you can lift it out, core and all.

BLUE-JAY FOR CORNS

HOUSEKEEPING



What's Cooking, Mummy? By Helen G. Campbell

GOOD FOOD to grow on, food to build sturdy bodies, bright happy faces and keen little minds. Real diplomats are those Canadian mothers who bring up their children in the way they should go and keep peace in the house while they're about it. They believe in meeting trouble halfway and seeing that it doesn't come any closer, whether it's mumps or measles or finicky appetites. I'm talking, of course, about mothers wise in the ways of parenthood who know that it's never too early for health training to begin.

Babies the world over have the same right to fresh air and sunshine, restful sleep and proper food for their years. But not all are as fortunate as young Canadians who inherit the earth and all the good things it provides. So while you give your children the food they need, save all you can, to send all you can to other babies—democracy's greatest asset wherever they may be.

A Department of Home Management :: Conducted by Chatelaine Institute

Be loyal. Follow the regulations of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. It is striving to make a fair distribution and keep prices down. Buy only on coupons, and from licensed dealers.

"I always buy my extra meat from a man at the back door, I've never even seen a black market!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

HEARD THE BIG NEWS NANCY?

LOOK!
MORE CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM IN THE STORES

AM I EVER GLAD!
NO OTHER LOTION HELPS MY HANDS LIKE CAMPANA'S BALM ... IT KEEPS THEM SOFT AND SMOOTH ALL THE TIME

"Nothing Better for the Hands"

SAY THOUSANDS OF BEAUTY-WISE WOMEN!
 This famous Campana's Balm has been making skin smooth, soft and lovely for over sixty years. Beauty-wise women say they can always depend upon it. In spite of extra war-time work Campana's Italian Balm protects and beautifies hands. Busy women need it now, more than ever. A drop or two does for both hands. Lasts a long time. . . **35¢**

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It Won't be a Stylish Marriage :: Continued from page 44

flat or rooms. I'll get some other war job. And if there is a baby... well, it's quite usual for staff captains to have babies and support them."

"Darling!" Philip expostulated. "What a time to bring this up. In a taxi... and we've arrived."

They had arrived. The driver had pulled up before elaborate wrought-iron gates which opened into a park of some extent. Philip whistled.

"A somewhat de luxe 'pick-up,' darling," he said. "You were very clever. I'll admit I was dubious about this outing, but now it seems promising."

The hall into which they went did nothing to lessen his satisfaction. There were rich rare rugs on the marble floor, mellowed beautiful tapestries on the high walls, furniture of authenticity and beauty, and over all the blaze from chandeliers though the evening sun was still bright in the sky.

Philip was impressed. Sick at heart, still shaken by the happening in the taxi, Rachel regarded him. If he too had been disturbed, he was not now. She said now, under her breath, violently: "Philip, don't like it so much! Don't want it so much."

Philip said, "Who is our hostess? This is—why, there's a fortune been spent on this hall alone."

"I've told you what I know," Rachel said curtly. "I don't know anything more about her, except that her fuel target must be pretty elastic."

There were lights blazing, too, in the drawing-room, though the old woman who awaited them sat in shadow. They could see only her high-piled white hair and the gleam of gold in the rich brocade of her dress. Color and light and music came from an opened doorway; Not in the mood for it, Rachel thought bitterly. I should be enjoying it. Things like this don't happen every day. Why can't I enjoy it? Like Philip. He is only human. Anyone would be impressed, and want this kind of thing. She tried to be gracious and succeeded, so that the old woman was pleased and said:

"Indeed I am very happy to have you. This is my war effort. Making people forget the war entirely."

But it was Philip who captivated her. In Philip, as he kissed the clawlike hand she held to him, as he slipped happily

into the part the sumptuous surroundings demanded, she recognized the only kind of man she had ever cared about. He had style, this middle-class young fiancé of the little nurse; and he recognized style when he saw it.

SHE LEANED on Philip's arm as she led them on a little tour of inspection, and though she did not apologize for the lights, she explained them.

"I have lived my life in artificial light. I am too old to change." She laughed gleefully, a harsh, no longer lovely, sound. "And all this nonsense of regulations! I find if you dismiss these things from your mind, they no longer exist. I have no trouble with people. This war does not amuse me, and I have dismissed it. And for tonight you young people must do the same."

She leaned closer to Philip to catch his remark, and Rachel a pace or two behind them thought wearily: "I ought to be glad because he is enjoying himself. I arranged it for him. I don't blame him." And at dinner she fought with that cold detached observer who had taken possession of her. Silent, her silence unnoticed, she looked at his handsome face, his dark bent head, his eyes very bright because he was happy and had drunk good wine, and his smile tender, charming and deferential to a woman who had lived the life of which he dreamed vaguely; and she excused herself, thinking: "It's easy to see why I fell in love with him."

But she ate little, annoyed with herself and thinking, "One of these nights on duty, when I'm choking down sardines and cocoa, I'll think of this dinner, and serve me right." But as course followed course, each with its appropriate wines, she enjoyed her meal no more and her hostess, rising from the table, said: "I'm afraid you have eaten very little, Miss Blake."

Rachel said politely, "Indeed I've had more than enough. Perhaps hospital meals have blunted my taste for food like this. I didn't know such things could still be had."

The old woman took this as a compliment and laughed her harsh cunning laugh.

"If one is determined and can pay, one

+ Continued on page 58

BOVRIL helps your MEAT RATION!



BOVRIL adds a rich, meaty flavour to meatless dishes such as spaghetti and macaroni; enriches soups, gravies, stews, hot-pot, shepherd's pie, left-overs — add a little BOVRIL before or during cooking. BOVRIL makes a stimulating drink in cold weather. A tasty sandwich filler, too!

In bottles or Cubes
 At all good stores

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TO GET THE **BEST** FOR
YOUR "D" COUPONS



Ask for
E.D. SMITH'S
JAMS

JELLIES, MARMALADES



From the heart of the
NIAGARA FRUITLANDS!

Rationing has limited the quantity, but not the quality of the jams, jellies, and marmalades you may buy. Why not get the best when you use those precious "D" coupons? Quality has been a proud tradition with E. D. Smith's for over 60 years -- the quality of Niagara's finest fruits -- brought to your table in Canada's finest jams! So remember the name -- E. D. Smith's.

From the same family of quality foods:
E. D. Smith's Tomato Ketchup, Chili Sauce and pure Grape Juice.



You'll prefer
E.D. SMITH'S
FOOD PRODUCTS

They're all good!

squashy. Think of the nutritive balance to make it worth eating, then make them eat it by giving your dishes good taste and good looks. Serve according to appetites so nothing is left on the plate or the platter.

Watch for waste and side-step it. Use up many of the trimmings you used to toss to the garbage pail. Be smart about carry-overs; don't have any more than you can help, but find a use for every scrap that is left from a meal. Keep them cold and covered—out near the front of the shelves where you won't forget 'em; the road to wastefulness is often paved with good intentions.

Manners—Mold manners at the table to conform to the food-saving idea. Tip the soup bowl to get that last savory spoonful. Get all the gravy; soak it up from the plate with a piece of bread. Nibble every bit of meat from chicken or chop bones. Use a spoon as well as a fork for juicy puddings and pies. Squeeze the last delicious drop from your orange or grapefruit. Eat your potato, jacket and all. Serve salads which can be managed with a fork or provide a knife to cut them. Make your parsley or lettuce or other garnish do double duty; it's full of good works as well as good looks.

Be generous but not too lavish when you serve. Don't insist on second helpings, but let the first refusal stand. Try to make bread and spread come out even—the first time. Leave the roses on the plate, but not much of anything else.



Let the sink go thirsty. Catch the dribble from the saucepan and add to the stock pot.

Meat and Potato Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1/2 Cupful of milk
- 1 Egg, slightly beaten
- 2 Cupfuls of crisp wheat flakes
- 4 Cupfuls of ground cooked meat
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1/8 Teaspoonful each of pepper, thyme and sage
- 1/2 Cupful of finely minced onion
- 3 Cupfuls of mashed potatoes

Combine the milk, egg, wheat flakes, meat, seasonings and onion, mixing thoroughly. Press lightly into an 8-inch casserole and arrange a border of mashed potatoes around the edge of the casserole; sprinkle with paprika if desired. Bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for 30 to 40 minutes. Six to eight servings.

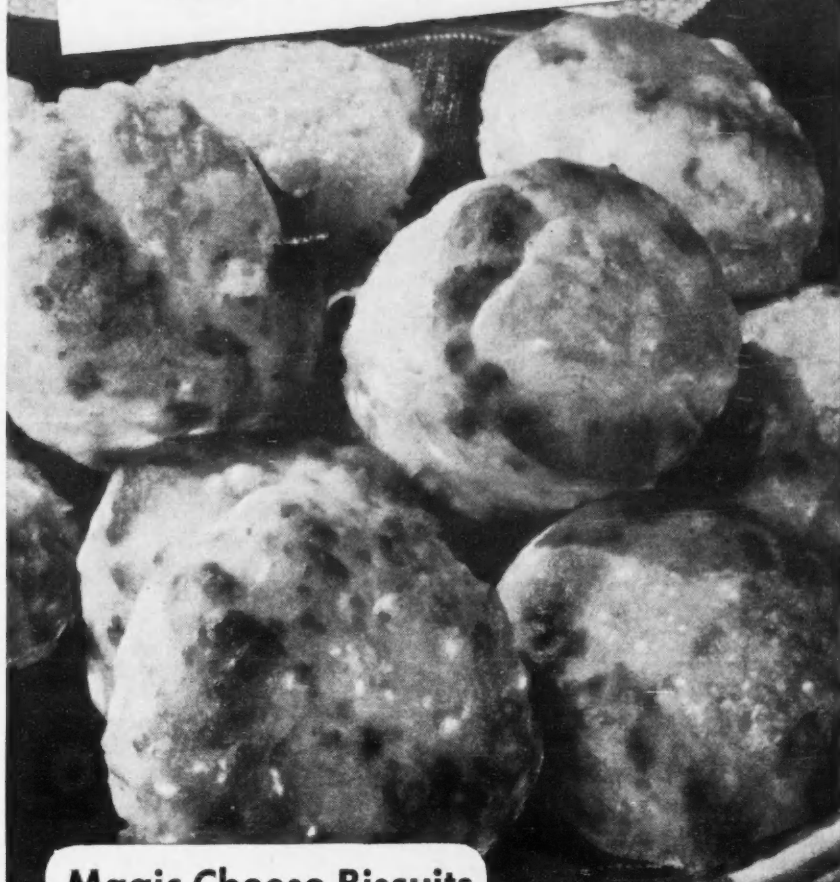
Carrot Cutlets

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of cooked carrots, mashed
- 2 Cupfuls of cooked rice
- 1 Egg, beaten

✦ Continued on page 51

No **BUTTER** needed
inside or outside!



Magic Cheese Biscuits

ARE PERFECT BY THEMSELVES

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 tspns. Magic Baking Powder
- 1/4 tspn. salt
- 6 tbsps. grated cheese
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 tbspn. shortening

(When half-baked, place square of cheese on top of biscuits for extra flavor).

Sift dry ingredients together; cut in shortening until mixed; mix in cheese lightly; add milk slowly, just enough to hold dough together. Roll out on floured board to about 1/2-inch thick; cut with small biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (475°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 12.

A LITTLE THING like a butter shortage needn't put a crimp in your biscuit-baking schedule. Not with Magic to help you make hot cheese biscuit treats that are so melty-rich, so luscious—they don't need any butter at all!

The wonderful thing about Magic is its *dependability*. You just know all baked dishes will be sure-fire successes—finer-textured, wonderfully delicious. These days you'll use it more than ever to safeguard precious ingredients—cut down food waste. Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking. Get Magic today — and try these top-notch "butterless" biscuits.



MADE IN CANADA



It means more rich brown gravy from meat rations... more appetizing dishes from leftovers. And you need never waste a bit of that vitamin-rich vegetable water with some OXO to turn it into a delicious, nourishing soup. OXO gives the flavour and goodness of beef to your cooking. Count on it in this strenuous business of wartime meal planning.



"Try this one"
"It's easy and mighty good"
—says the OXO chef:

ONION SOUP

(Serves 6)

- 2 large onions
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 8 cups water (vegetable or plain)
- 2 "OXO" cubes or 2 tsp. Fluid OXO
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 6 slices dry bread
- ½ cup grated cheese

Chop or slice onions fine. Brown in butter. Add flour and water, OXO and seasoning. Cook thoroughly. Place slices of bread in individual soup dishes. Sprinkle with cheese. Pour soup.



5½ oz. bottle - 20 OXO Cubes

11 oz. bottle - 40 OXO Cubes

CONSERVING WAYS

By GERTRUDE CRAWFORD



Direct descendants of yesterday's roast, potato-ringed meat pie inherits the good taste and stylish appearance of its ancestor. No poor relation, this.

LIKE HISTORY, fashion is given to repeating itself. This year's pert pompadours come straight from the family album and old-time thrift flourishes once more in the saving ways of today's up-and-coming housekeepers.

High style again is the plain living and high thinking practiced by our grandmothers. Waste is not only out of date but out of countenance and the only worrier about this state of affairs is the hitherto pampered garbage can. It will have to live on less and try to like it, however, for 1944 methods, menus and even manners give priority to food conservation.

The best of all good reasons is behind this new economy vogue. While food production in Canada has reached a new high, we send it to more places and share it with more people than ever before. This is the job our victuals do:

Feed our armed forces. The boys and girls work up big appetites and it takes a lot of wherewithal to fill 'em up.

Provision ships at our ports—and sailing the seas is hungry work.

Fill Red Cross parcels for prisoners of war, to the tune of over 26,000 tons a year.

Pack gift boxes which go with love and kisses to the fighting fronts.

Help Britain, Russia and other allies to keep their people in fighting trim.

Keep the cupboards from going bare in Greece. Canada has sent to this brave little country 15,000 tons of wheat each month from last August on. And we wish we could ship 10 times that quantity.

Fulfill our obligations to other peoples once they are freed of the Axis yoke.

Feed the home folks. Canadians are working harder and eating from 15% to 20% more than in pre-war days.

Now you can't up production everlastingly; by taking care you can add to its stature. Every morsel you deny the garbage can you add to the nation's resources.

Methods—Start conserving when you

buy food. Or better still before you even set out to shop. Plan ahead; know what you're after and how much you need—then resist that overly generous streak in your nature. Reckon with your ration but don't think you have to buy to the coupon's limit unless you can use it to advantage. Be fussy about storing food promptly and properly; you lose some of your money's worth if food is allowed to loaf around the kitchen. Save the bits and pieces—vegetable tops and outer leaves, the heel of a loaf and leftover slices, drippings from the roast or the frying pan, liquid from vegetables cooked or canned and every morsel from which you can coax its quota of nourishment.

Don't let your refrigerator be a hideaway for leftovers, but keep them to the fore and use them up before long. Wilt not, waste not a vegetable. Don't be a thrower-out of sour milk.

Streamline your cooking to 1944, not to the wasteful, pre-war era. Leave potatoes in their jackets most times; they deliver more vitamins that way. Other vegetables, too. If you pare 'em, pare thinly and don't soak before cooking. Give them a tight lid, a quick boil and don't overcook them. Remember that a watched pot never burns.

Earn the compliment, "A saving woman," when you prepare food and serve it; scrape all the batter from the bowl, the jam from the jar and every bit of food from the saucepan.

Menus—Simplify but avoid monotony as you would the plague. Put your brains to work on the planning of menus; forethought is more dependable than last-minute inspiration—if any. Use foods in season for all they're worth and vary their form of service in as many ways as you can devise. Remember that meals must be eaten before they can do anybody any good. So think of the flavors, textures and colors you put together. Pep up a bland meal, brighten a pale one and add a bit of crispness to one which would otherwise be too

PLAN EARLY TO PLANT PLENTY.
Plan your Victory Garden now, and
order your seeds before shortages occur.

CELTUCE

**A DISTINCTLY
NEW
VEGETABLE**



Most desirable for every Canadian garden. Distinctly new; combining the uses and flavours of celery and lettuce. Raw Celtuce is used like celery. Cooked Celtuce has attractive appearance and pleasant mild flavour suggesting celery, lettuce, asparagus, broccoli, or summer squash. Ready for use in 90 days. Easily grown everywhere. We send complete directions for culture and use. Do not miss this valuable new vegetable.

Thousands of gardeners were delighted with the new Celtuce in 1943. (Pkt 250 seeds 15¢) (2 pkts 25¢) (½ oz 70¢) (oz \$1.25) postpaid.

**FREE — OUR BIG 1944 SEED AND
NURSERY BOOK—Best Yet** 31W
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.



**COW BRAND
SODA**
cleans teeth
safely
economically

Being pure Bicarbonate of Soda, Cow Brand Baking Soda is ideal for regular use in keeping teeth clean and mouth healthy. It's thrifty too... a package gives many weeks of brushings and costs just a few cents.

HERE'S HOW

- 1 Just pour a little into the palm of the hand.
- 2 Moisten tooth brush.
- 3 Pick up Cow Brand Baking Soda on moistened brush, as much as it will hold.
- 4 Brush upper teeth downward and lower teeth upward, not crosswise.
- 5 Brush inside of teeth in the same manner.

AND FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH TOO

Cleaning the plates with Cow Brand Baking Soda and water removes stains and food particles. Putting into a solution of Baking Soda and water overnight will keep the dentures clean and sweet.

FREE FOLDERS—describing medicinal uses and giving new Cow Brand Sugar-Saving recipes from our own test kitchens will be sent for the coupon below.

COW BRAND BAKING SODA



PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

CHURCH & DWIGHT LIMITED,
Dept. U-69,
2715 Reading St., Montreal, Que.

Name.....
Address.....

(Please print name and address) (149)

- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped green pepper
- ½ Teaspoonful of celery salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of paprika
- Dry crumbs
- Beaten Egg

Combine the carrots, rice, egg and seasonings. Form into balls and shape like cutlets. Dip them in crumbs, then in egg and again in crumbs. Brown in the frying pan. Garnish with parsley and place a teaspoonful of red jelly on top of each. Six servings.



Give a tip to the soup plate and get full value from its contents. Good manners today — and good sense any time.

Baked Sea Food Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of chopped green pepper
- ¼ Cupful of minced onion
- 1 Cupful of chopped celery
- 2 Cupfuls of cooked haddock or cod
- 1 Cupful of mayonnaise
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Cupfuls of corn flakes

Combine the green pepper, onion, celery, fish, mayonnaise, salt and Worcestershire sauce and mix well. Place the mixture in individual shells or a shallow baking dish (nine inches by nine inches). Crush the corn flakes and cover the top of the mixture with it. Then dot with butter and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 30 minutes. Serve with slices of lemon. Six to eight servings.

French Toastwiches

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¾ Cupful of ground cooked meat
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of chili sauce or gravy
- 12 Slices of stale bread
- 1 Egg or 2 egg yolks
- ¾ Cupful of milk
- Salt and pepper
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter or cooking oil

Combine the meat and the chili sauce or gravy. Spread on six slices of bread. Cover with the remaining bread slices and dip in the egg beaten with the milk and seasoned with salt and pepper. Place in hot butter or cooking oil and fry on both sides until browned. Serve hot. Six servings.

Oatmeal Bread

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of whole-wheat flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 5 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of molasses
- 1 Egg, beaten

+ Continued on next page

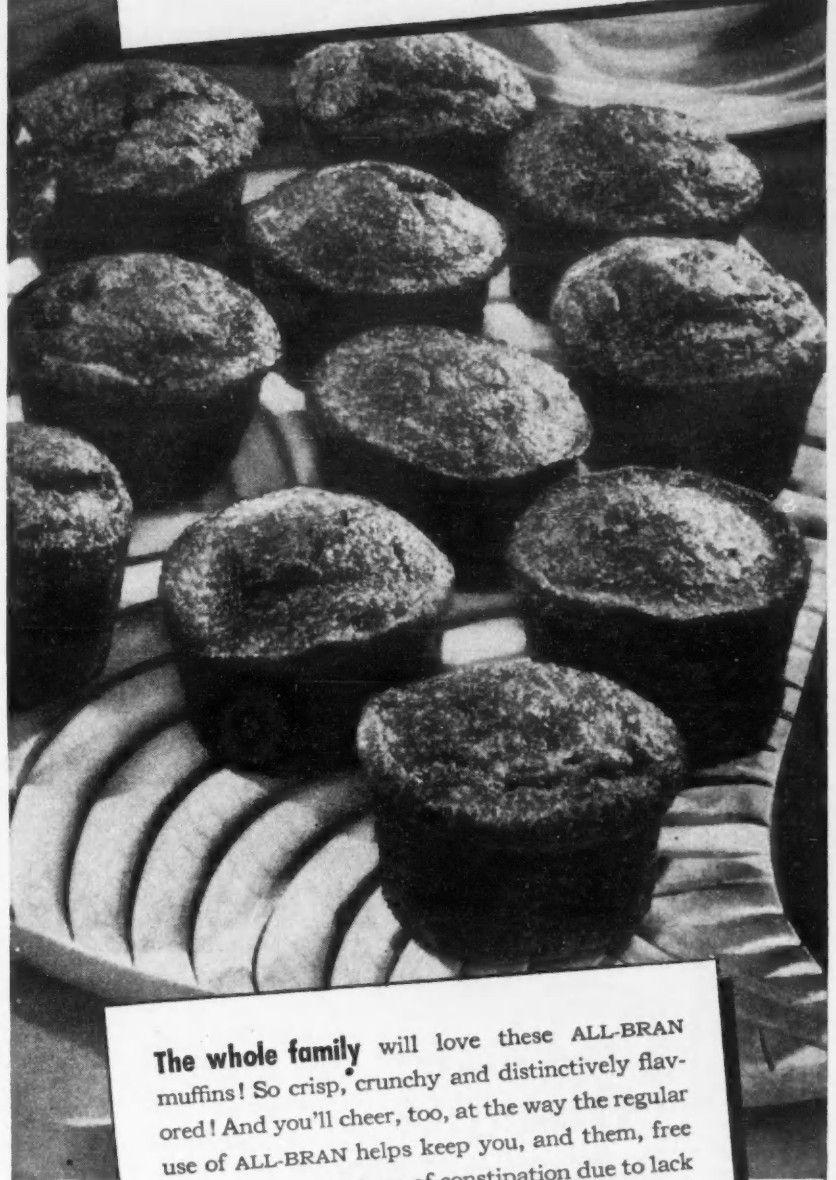
Sugarless, and oh, so good!

ALL-BRAN HONEY MUFFINS

- 3 tablespoons shortening
- ½ cup honey
- 1 egg
- ½ cup buttermilk
- 1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon soda

Blend shortening and honey. Add egg and beat until creamy. Add milk and All-Bran; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift dry ingredients together; add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 25 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins



The whole family will love these ALL-BRAN muffins! So crisp, crunchy and distinctively flavoured! And you'll cheer, too, at the way the regular use of ALL-BRAN helps keep you, and them, free from the common type of constipation due to lack of dietary "bulk"! ALL-BRAN gets at the cause and corrects it. Get KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN at your grocer's. 2 convenient sizes.

**Helps keep you
"REGULAR"
naturally**

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN LONDON, CANADA



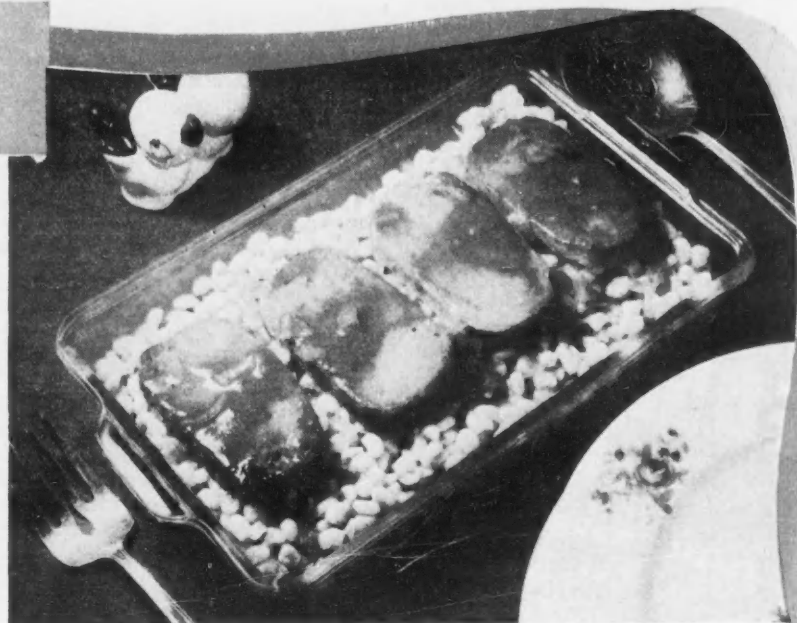
MEALS OF THE MONTH

FEBRUARY

- BREAKFAST**
1. Half Grapefruit
Brown French Toast
Syrup
Coffee Tea
 2. Tomato Juice
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam
Tea
 3. Orange Halves
Bread and Milk
Bran Muffins Honey
Coffee Tea
 4. Stewed Apples
Cereal
Toast Coffee Syrup
Tea
 5. Prune Juice
Creamed Flaked Haddock
on Brown Toast
Coffee Tea
 6. (Sunday)
Half Grapefruit
Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs
Toast Coffee Tea
 7. Cereal with added Wheat
Germ
Toasted Rolls Jelly
Coffee Tea
 8. Orange Juice
Cereal
Toast Coffee Marmalade
Tea
 9. Grapes
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam
Tea
 10. Tomato Juice
French Toast
Syrup
Coffee Tea
 11. Cereal with Chopped
Prunes
Plain Omelet
Brown Toast Cocoa
Coffee
 12. Apple Sauce
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jelly
Tea
 13. (Sunday)
Grapes
Cereal
Grilled Small Sausage
Toast Coffee Jam
Tea
 14. Orange Juice
Cereal
Raisin Muffins
Coffee Tea
 15. Stewed Prunes
Poached Eggs
Toast Coffee Conserve
Tea
 16. Cold Tomatoes
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam
Tea
 17. Half Grapefruit
Cereal
Brown Toast Jelly
Coffee Tea

- LUNCHEON or SUPPER**
- Baked Beans
Celery Catsup
Jellied Apple Sauce
Ice Box Cookies
Tea Cocoa
 - Fried Bologna Mustard Relish
Baked Potatoes
Brown Bread
Canned Berries
Cookies
Tea Cocoa
 - Baked Bean Soup
Crackers
Cheese-stuffed Celery
Stewed Apples
Doughnuts
Tea Cocoa
 - Scrambled Eggs on Toast
Stuffed Prune Salad on
Lettuce
Tea Cocoa
 - Wieners and Sauerkraut
Crackers Cheese
Tea Jam Cocoa
 - Pilchard and Vegetable Pie
Brown Rolls
Pear and Grape Salad
Spice Cake
Tea Cocoa
 - Savory Noodles
Sliced Spanish Onions
in Vinegar
Canned Plums
Tea Cocoa
 - Scalloped Corn and Tomatoes
Lettuce Salad
Cranberry Tarts
Tea Cocoa
 - Split Pea Soup Croutons
Cabbage and Carrot Salad
Rennet Custard with Diced
Orange
Tea Cocoa
 - Minced Beef Turnovers
Gravy or Chili Sauce
Apple Celery and Grape Salad
Oatmeal Muffins
Tea Cocoa
 - Grilled Ciscoes
Pan-browned Potatoes
Green Salad Bowl
Sliced Oranges
Tea Cocoa
 - Spaghetti with Tomato
Sauce
Baked Apples with Raisin
Stuffing
Tea Cocoa
 - Curried Eggs and Vegetables
in Toasted Bread Cases
Pickles
Canned Peaches
Cookies
Tea Cocoa
 - Cream of Pea Soup
Sliced Fresh Bologna
Baked Potatoes
Oatmeal Apple Crisp
Tea Cocoa
 - Cream of Carrot and Potato
Soup
Salad Bowl
Jellied Grapes in Ginger Ale
Tea Cocoa
 - Baked Beans
Boston Brown Bread
Canned Cherries
Wafers
Tea Cocoa
 - Baked Stuffed Onions
Tomato Soup Sauce
Head Lettuce French Dressing
Blanc Mange Chocolate Sauce
Tea Cocoa

- DINNER**
- Vegetable Plate
(Scalloped Potatoes, Carrots
en Casserole, Baked
Onions with Meat Stuffing)
Bread Custard with Raisins
Coffee Tea
 - Veal Stew with Vegetables
Dumplings
Shredded Cabbage
French Dressing
Chocolate Cornstarch
Pudding
Coffee Tea
 - Grilled Minute Steaks
Fried Onions
Mashed Potatoes
Spinach
Boiled Rice Maple Syrup
Coffee Tea
 - Broiled Haddock
Parsley Potatoes
Harvard Beets
Diced Orange in Lemon
Jelly with Custard Sauce
Coffee Tea
 - Mock Duck
Potatoes on the Half Shell
Scalloped Tomatoes
Pumpkin Custard
Coffee Tea
 - Mixed Grill
(Lamb Chops, Kidneys and
Sausages)
Creamed Potatoes Broccoli
Hot Mince Pie
Coffee Tea
 - Tomato Juice
Stewed Spareribs
Mashed Potatoes Peas
Apple Sauce Cake
Coffee Tea
 - Roast of Beef
Browned Potatoes Turnips
Apple Crisp Pudding
Coffee Tea
 - Cold Roast Beef
Mustard Pickles
Baked Potatoes
Parsnips with Parsley Sauce
Gingerbread
Coffee Tea
 - Stuffed Pork Tenderloin
Mashed Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts
Floating Island
Coffee Tea
 - Clam Chowder
Bean Loaf with Tomato Sauce
Braised Celery Spinach
Steamed Fruit Pudding
Caramel Sauce
Coffee Tea
 - Liver and Onions
Creamed Potatoes
Buttered Carrots
Lemon Snow
Coffee Tea
 - Tomato Juice
Chicken Fricassee
Boiled Potatoes
Green Beans
Cranberry Shortcake
Coffee Tea
 - Steamed Fish Loaf
Tartare Sauce
Pan-fried Potatoes
Buttered Onions
Blanc Mange with Red Jelly
Coffee Tea
 - Beef Pot. Roast
Baked Potatoes
Scalloped Tomatoes
Barley Pudding
Coffee Tea
 - Mushroom Soup
Cold Pot. Roast
Jellied Horseradish
Boiled Potatoes
Mashed Turnips
Ice Cream Cookies
Coffee Tea
 - Grilled Sausages
Creamed Parsley Potatoes
Beets
Apple Dumplings
Coffee Tea



Slices of cold meat loaf top this attractive melange of vegetables — a mixture of carrot cubes, whole kernel corn, green beans or peas, diced green pepper or whatever the leftover shelf on your refrigerator has to offer. Pour tomato-soup sauce over and bake until heated through.

- BREAKFAST**
18. Grape Juice with Lemon
Cereal
Scones Coffee Syrup
Tea
 19. Sliced Oranges
Cereal
Toast Coffee Marmalade
Tea
 20. (Sunday)
Cranberry and Orange
Juice
Cereal Kippers
Toast Coffee Jelly
Tea
 21. Cereal with Figs
Soft-cooked Eggs
Toast Coffee Cocoa
 22. Oranges
Cereal
Toast Coffee Marmalade
Tea
 23. Cold Tomatoes
Cereal
Toasted Biscuits Tea Jam
Coffee
 24. Prunes with Lemon
Ciscoes
Toast Coffee Jelly
Tea
 25. Tomato Juice
Scrambled Egg with
Chopped Parsley
Brown Toast
Coffee Tea
 26. Apple Sauce
Cereal with Added
Wheat Germ
Toast Marmalade
Tea Cocoa
 27. (Sunday)
Orange and Lemon Juice
Grilled Kidneys
Toast Coffee Jelly
Tea
 28. Grapes
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam
Tea
 29. Orange Sections
Cereal with Added
Wheat Germ
Toast Marmalade
Coffee Tea
- LUNCHEON OR SUPPER**
- Cheese Omelet
Spiced Prunes
Cup Cakes
Tea Cocoa
 - Cream of Cauliflower Soup
Grilled Sardines on Toast
Bran Muffins
Tea Cocoa
 - Molded Vegetable Salad
Potato Muffins
Radishes Gherkins
Mince Tarts
Tea Cocoa
 - Liver a la King
Head Lettuce
French Dressing
Butterscotch Pudding
Tea Cocoa
 - Casserole of Sweet Potatoes
and Diced Cottage Roll
Waldorf Salad
Hot Biscuits
Tea Cocoa
 - Vegetable Chowder
Crackers
Baked Apples
Doughnuts
Tea Cocoa
 - Macaroni and Cheese
Shredded Lettuce Salad
Hard Brown Rolls
Canned Berries
Tea Cocoa
 - Parsnip-Parsley Soup
Crackers Celery
Jellied Cranberry Salad
Tea Cocoa
 - Ramekins of Leftover Cod
with Savory Tomato Sauce
Cabbage and Carrot Salad
Raisin Scones
Tea Cocoa
 - Devilled Egg and Potato Salad
Canned Peaches
Oatmeal Bread
Tea Cocoa
 - Vegetable Soup
Chicken and Rice Curry
Half Grapefruit
Cake
Tea Cocoa
 - Baked Seafood Salad
Coleslaw
Brown Rolls
Warm Gingerbread
Tea Cocoa
- DINNER**
- Fish and Vegetable Pie
Potato Topping
Green Salad
Caramel Rennet Custard
Coffee Tea
 - Pan-fried Liver
Mashed Potato
Souffle
Spinach Molds
Deep Apple Pie
Coffee Tea
 - Consomme
Baked Cottage Roll
Jellied Horseradish
Stuffed Potatoes Cabbage
Chocolate Spanish Cream
Coffee Tea
 - Cold Sliced Cottage Roll
Pickles
Pan-fried Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Steamed Raisin Cup
Coffee Lemon Sauce Tea
Cakes
 - Oven-cooked Round Steak
Boiled Potatoes
Creamed Cabbage
Vanilla Custard
Coffee Tea
 - Dressed Beef Heart
Scalloped Potatoes
Oven-steamed Carrots
Pumpkin Pie
Coffee Tea
 - Hamburger Patties
Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Onions
Johnny Cake Syrup
Coffee Tea
 - Steamed Cod Egg Sauce
Lyonnais Potatoes
Green Beans
Sliced Oranges and Bananas
Light Cake
Coffee Tea
 - Celery Soup
Baked Stuffed Spareribs
Sweet Potatoes
Grated Raw Beet Salad
Cup Cakes
Maple Sauce
Coffee Tea
 - Roast Chicken
Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower
Ice Cream Wafers
Coffee Tea
 - Meat Loaf
Baked Potatoes Corn
Baked Lemon Pudding
Coffee Tea
 - Tomato Soup
Cold Meat Loaf
Creamed Potatoes
Mashed Turnips
Butterscotch Apples
Coffee Tea



Photograph courtesy The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

We Two and a Hot Plate

By Gertrude Crawford

IT ISN'T just like old times when the wedding day was preceded by months of tranking and followed by living happily ever afterward, with all modern conveniences to make house-keeping practically effortless. Like as not nowadays the date is settled over long distance when the prospective bridegroom telephones, "I get leave next week, honey," or, "They can keep 'em rolling at the plant without me for a day or two."

There's been no time for collecting stacks of things, embroidering monograms and getting a trousseau together. But what matters that if the boss will just give you a long noon hour or two and Mother meets you downtown for a whirlwind shopping tour? All that today's realistic young brides want are the strict essentials and just enough of them to get by on. They are prouder of their breakfast sets than Great-aunt Sue is of her Crown Derby and perfectly content with a few possessions chosen first for utility and second for their good looks.

Time was when the happy couple moved into a house they'd selected from the realtor's long list. But this is wartime and lots of this year's brides settle down in an all-in-one room near their new husband's camp. They store most of the wedding gifts at Mother's, take along a hot plate, some pots and pans and enough furniture to make the place livable—and manage to have a lot of fun. The smart young chatelaine who posed for her picture above has arranged

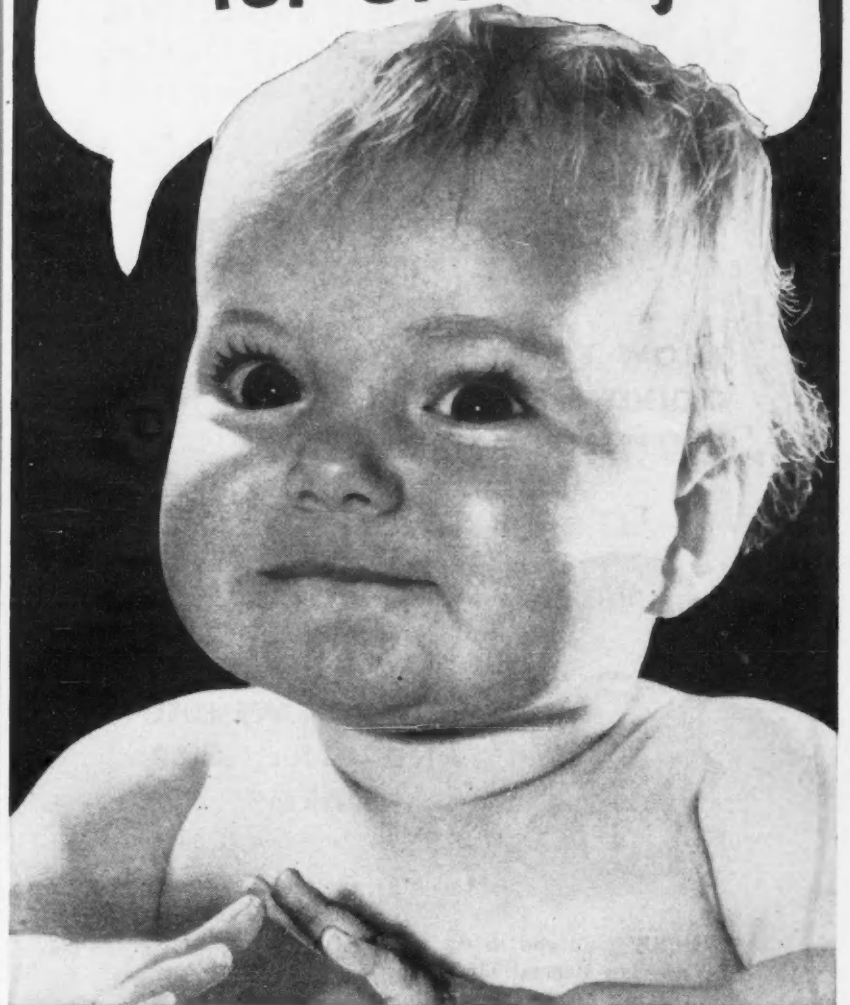
her sectional furniture into a corner for cooking and storing utensils out of sight and is ready with a good supper for the man of the house on late leave—a stick-to-the-ribs sort of soup, a hearty salad, milk to drink, rolls and pielets from the local bakery.

Everyone, of course, doesn't marry into the Services. Perhaps your husband is a man behind the man behind the gun working at top speed on the assembly line. In that case, there'll be meals at odd hours and perhaps lunches to pack if the plant cannot boast a cafeteria or restaurant. Now many box lunches provide grounds for divorce—so here's my word of warning to you. Don't above all things have them the same, yesterday, today and forever but do plan them to taste delicious and provide good nourishment.

But don't forget that good nutrition is a round-the-clock affair, so supplement a balanced appetizing lunch with an equally well-planned breakfast and dinner.

More than likely you both have a job to go to. You'd never know it, but many sweet young brides are wizards with a blow torch or a lathe, many have a neat hand with a typewriter or a quick one with an adding machine. Or they're keen as mustard in any one of a thousand careers. Young wives nowadays are leading a double life as wage earners from nine to five and housekeepers after hours. Their problem is to provide good meals in quick order without benefit of a lot of helpful

Bet I'm Setting a Wartime Record for Growing

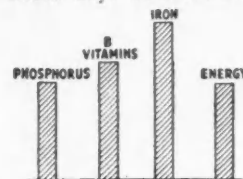


Mummy Says We All Need QUAKER OATS' Vitality Elements!



Yes, little man, your wise Mummy knows that to grow normally and fill out, you need the vitality elements stored in delicious Quaker Oats... that the whole family needs Quaker Oats' vitality elements for health and stamina.

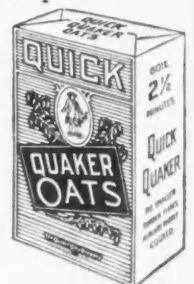
For example—whole-grain Quaker Oats leads all natural cereals in protein, essential for growth in children... for health and energy at all ages. This is important, these days of meat rationing.



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Yes, Quaker Oats is truly a great food. And folks love its full, rich flavour! Order a big, thrifty package of Quaker Oats today!

Delicious! Whole Grain
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Truly Canada's Favourite Breakfast Food



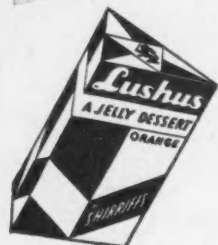
The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited

MY WIFE JUST PHONED TO SAY THE CORNER GROCER HAS SOME **LUSHUS**



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W. L. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., 141, Bannatyne Avenue East, Winnipeg.

1 Cupful of cooked rolled oats
About $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of milk
Mix together the dry ingredients, add the molasses, beaten egg and rolled oats. Add milk to make a rather stiff mixture— $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful, depending on the consistency of the oatmeal. Let stand for 15 minutes in a greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for 45 minutes.

Potato Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg, beaten
- 1 Cupful of mashed potatoes
- 2 Cupfuls of flour, sifted
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of milk

Cream the shortening, add the sugar and continue to cream until well blended. Add the egg and potatoes and mix thoroughly. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk, beating until smooth. Fill greased muffin tins two thirds full and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 25 to 30 minutes. Makes about one dozen medium-sized muffins.

Chocolate Chip Bread Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of bread cubes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of ready-cooked bran
- 3 Eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Cupfuls of milk
- 2 Squares of semi-sweet chocolate
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Place the bread and the bran in a greased baking dish. Cut the chocolate into coarse pieces and sprinkle half of it over the bread cubes. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, salt, milk and flavoring. Pour this over the bread, sprinkle the remaining chocolate over the top. Set the baking dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for one hour. Six servings.

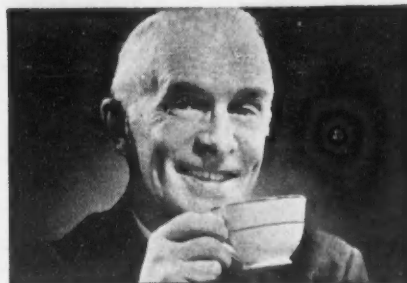


Our Cover Girl

"FEBRUARY flower show," one of the male members of our staff called this liting and sunshiny picture of our cover girl in her morale-lifting floral spring print and fresh, new-styled accessories.

It's a bengaline two-piecer in daffodil yellow, Kiska green and Empire blue on clarion red, with matching Kiska bag and high-reaching gloves. Colorful as a Mexican carnival, yet done with the custom-tailored restraint characteristic of the brilliant Canadian designing team, Magda-Lang of Kitchener.

The natural grey Siberian squirrel coat with its new tuxedo roll front and collar is by Sellers-Gough, Toronto. Ruby Cook, Toronto, did the luscious headgear tidbit of green and red feathers with blue veiling.



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Try this Restorative Food

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(1) *New, Improved Ovaltine* supplies concentrated, easily-digested nourishment needed to repair muscle, nerve and body cell wastage.

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Taken warm at bedtime, *New, Improved Ovaltine* invites refreshing sleep without drugs, helps the body to relax naturally. Try *New, Improved Ovaltine* tonight. Buy Ovaltine at your drug or food store today.

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Please send me a sample of *New, Improved Ovaltine* and informative pamphlet on its nutritional values. (One sample offer to a person).

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House Planning,
Decorating,
and Furnishing*

FREDA JAMES,
Editor

Below: This is what would happen if we hung the proverbial family portrait and placed candlesticks on the mantel shelf photographed at the left.

Mantel Arrangements

FINDING the right mantel accessories is a problem that is always with us. The photograph above was made in a room with a low ceiling and of a Colonial mantel which, while quite pleasing in simple design, is too high in proportion to the ceiling. The usual overmantel treatment of a picture would emphasize this condition and so we "go simple" and use a low grouping. Candlesticks, pictures, clocks are almost standard selections while charming bits of forgotten treasures remain in the attic or on the pantry shelves. Select a few interesting pieces and do some experimenting, keeping in mind balance, color and

simplicity. Several small shiny green plants in plain containers, and old, old great-grandmother's platter in lovely mellow blues, and two sturdy little costume dolls, hand carved in wood and gay in color, make a happy combination in the mantel treatment above.

Let your mantel have a personal feeling, but do keep it clear of bric-a-brac.

Pictures of horizontal proportion, hung close together in a row, and extending the full length of the mantel shelf, probably some nice old prints, work well in taking away that feeling of "climbing up the wall" that the high mantel has.



"It Tells Me-



**"THE RECIPES FOR
DOZENS OF QUICK,
THRIFTY WARTIME
DISHES"**

**"HOW TO KEEP MY
CLOTHES FRESH, SMART
AND FREE FROM STAINS"**

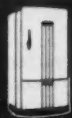


**"HOW TO SAVE FUEL
AND STILL KEEP
WARM"**



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To Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd.,
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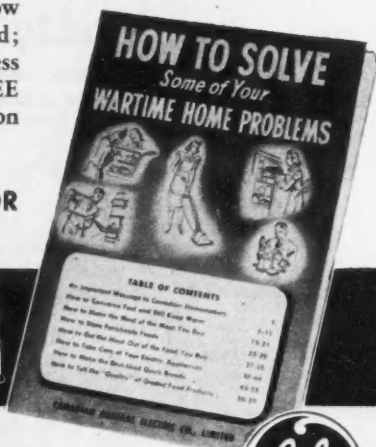
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gadgets or an unlimited supply of good things in tins.

Planning does it, for if you settle your menus ahead of time, map your shopping and chart the preparation of your meals, you can subtract from the time and cost and add to your own satisfaction. Stick to simple foods, simply served and, as often as you can, prepare some of the dishes in advance and start others on their way. Watch leftovers and use them up as promptly as possible.

Concentrate on dishes which are quick cookers and emphasize one-dish courses.

Veal Patties in Tomato Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1/2 Pound of minced veal
- 1/2 Cupful of bread crumbs
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of minced onion
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of chopped green pepper
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Small egg
- 1 Tablespoonful of mild-flavored dripping
- 1/4 Cupful of condensed tomato soup
- 1/2 Cupful of bouillon or meat stock

Combine the minced veal, bread crumbs, minced onion and green pepper, salt and beaten egg. Mix well and form into small patties. Melt the dripping, add the patties and cook until nicely browned on both sides. Heat the tomato soup, diluted with an equal amount of water to make 1/2 cupful, add the bouillon or meat stock and pour over the browned patties. Simmer slowly for about one-half hour, thicken the gravy with flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water and serve piping hot. Two servings.

Cheese Fondue

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2/3 Cupful of hot milk
- 1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of grated cheese
- 1 Egg, well beaten

Pour the hot milk over the bread crumbs and let stand for about five

minutes. Add the cheese, salt and pepper to taste and mix well. Combine with the egg and pour into the well-greased top part of a double boiler. Cook slowly over water kept just below the boiling point until a knife will come out clean when inserted in the centre. Two servings.

Cranberry Omelet

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Eggs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of milk
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1/4 Cupful of cranberry sauce

Beat the eggs, milk and salt together, just enough to mix thoroughly. Melt the butter in a frying pan and tip so as to butter both the sides and bottom of the pan. Pour the egg mixture into the pan. Cook over a low heat, lifting the edges with a knife frequently, so that the uncooked portion of the mixture will cook evenly. Loosen the omelet from the pan and spread with half of the cranberry sauce, heated. Fold over and garnish with the remaining cranberry sauce. Two servings.

Supper Quickie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of bacon fat
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of minced green pepper
- 1 Teaspoonful of minced celery
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of minced parsley
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 1/4 Cupful of milk
- 1/2 Cupful of finely chopped cooked bacon
- Salt, pepper and paprika
- 2 Cupfuls of diced cooked potatoes

To the melted bacon fat add the minced green pepper, celery and parsley, and cook slowly till tender. Stir in the flour and when thoroughly blended, add the milk gradually. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the diced bacon and seasonings, and lastly the potatoes. Heat thoroughly and serve at once, sprinkled with paprika and minced parsley. Two servings.

Fashions of the Future :: Continued from page 13

Biggest evolution will come in the field of fabrics. Every designer and manufacturer *Chatelaine* interviewed agreed on that. At the outbreak of war we were just beginning to discover and commercialize the great wealth of plastics for fabrics, and their wonderful properties. In many directions, especially in the treatment of materials for strength and lightness, wind, water and tearproof qualities, the war has developed rather than hindered the use of new fabrics.

But there are many other things that will affect our coming fashions, and every well-known designer, being a creative, artistic individualist, sees different facets in the style world of tomorrow.

All agree that there will be a greater international flavor to our fashions, for it is very doubtful that Paris will be able, for many years to come, to rebuild the unchallenged style leadership she once possessed. Meanwhile, designers in other parts of the world, with the assistance of governments, are learning to co-operate and pool their resources in an attempt to capture the highly lucrative fashion business.

New York is, of course, the biggest contender of the moment. For years the tremendous clothing business has hoped to marry creative genius to its mass-production methods, and failed. But the war has brought new oppor-

tunity and a flood of European designers and artisans in various branches of the dress trade to New York and California, and both these centres are working feverishly to hold the reins when peace comes again.

London, too, is making her bid for world supremacy, and was hard at work on keeping her many brilliant creators busy and holding style shows even when bombs were falling. London's craftsmanship, genius for good tailoring, and fine weaving mills will give Britain a good stake in postwar fashion fronts. Besides, even more of Europe's ace creative geniuses have found haven and employment there than in New York or California.

Paris? In her favor is the age-old tradition that she is the stronghold of free creative thinking and expression. But will German occupation have changed all that? Designs by creators who chose to remain in Paris and work for the Nazis, which recently reached this country, indicate either that already beauty and freedom of design have been completely lost; or, as Nettie Rosenstein and others who know them well believe, French designers are deliberately making ugliness and unattractiveness for the wives and women of the masters they hate. However that may be, there will be years of reconstruction ahead.

✦ Continued on page 63

HOME FRONT

Chatelaine's Ottawa correspondent brings you facts and forecasts concerning the changing picture of wartime living

WOOLLEN underwear and sweaters, also children's undies and dresses, will soon be available again, although new nightgowns and pyjamas for grownups are unlikely, as children get priority. There will also be more yarn for essential knitting. If you can't find certain types of yard goods — flannelette, for instance—in one store, look in another. Retailers no longer receive several months' supply in one shipment but smaller quantities at more frequent intervals. So when one store is sold out, another may still have some on hand.

* * *

Retreads—Have your overshoes retreaded for longer life—but remember this retreaded rubber will require special care. Never kick your overshoes off, or place them in closets near oily mops or dusters—alcohol and oil will destroy the rubber. They can be tubbed, if necessary, in mild lukewarm soapsuds, but be sure to dry them upside down, away from the heat.

* * *

A limited supply of metal has been released for washing machines, under an equitable distribution policy, which will average one or two new machines per dealer. Still not quite enough to solve the laundry problem!

* * *

We must continue to conserve our electrical equipment this year, as "resistance" wire for coils is scarce, and the manufacture of new material prohibited, although the making of repair parts is permitted. Gas-heated tanks are on the market, but electrically heated tanks require special permits and are sold only through power outlets.

* * *

Food Notes—You might suggest to your grocer that he sell such things as pineapple pulp and apple pie filler either in cartons, if he can get a supply of these, or else in jars which his customers bring to the store. These fruits, when packed in 105-ounce containers or larger (too big for average-family use), are now removed from rationing—no coupons needed. Canned rhubarb (solid pack) is also off the rationed list. Remember, though, it's inadvisable to keep rhubarb indefinitely in the present somewhat inferior type of metal container... because of its acid content.

Raisins and currants are fairly plentiful, as are dried apples. There may be more prunes than last year, but not quite so many dried figs. Dried apricots and peaches are earmarked for the armed forces.

Eggs, for February, are in fair supply below ceiling prices, but don't use them as an alternative for meat; parsnips, beets and onions are scarce.

* * *

The reason for our higher chinaware prices is that before the war our cheaper lines were supplied by Japan. British imports have always been high-quality china, and the Canadian industry, though coming along, has not yet been mass-produced to the low-price stage.

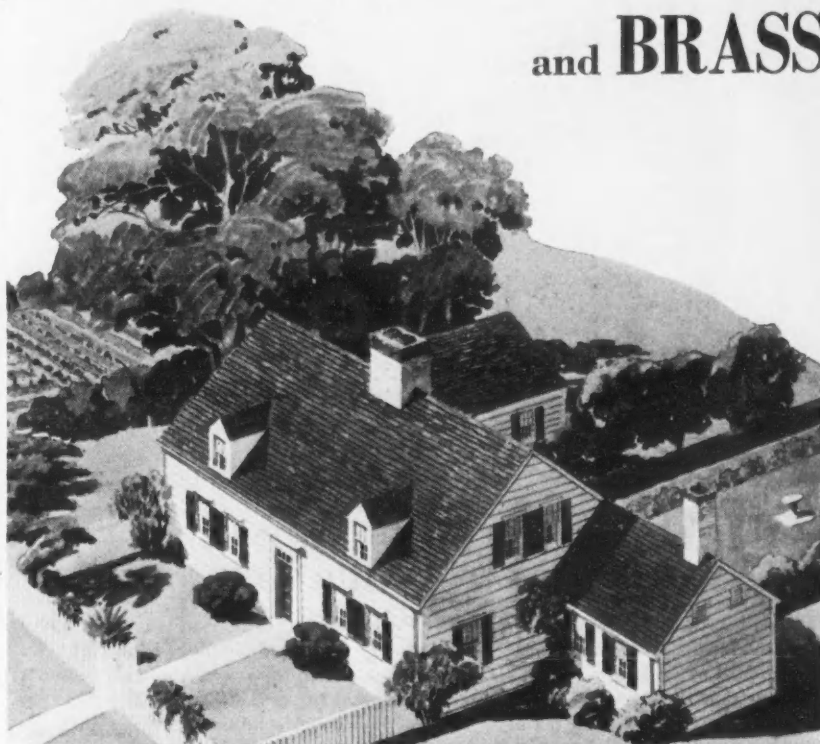
* * *

If you are a single person living in a room in a crowded centre, please stay there, and don't try to get an apartment. That's the word from Housing Registry officials trying to find accommodation for thousands of Canadians. So far they have filled applications for over two thirds of the approximately 70,000 people on their lists wanting everything from a room to an entire house.

* * *

As military requirements of certain goods become filled, more of these articles become available for the rest of us. For the present the forces have an adequate supply of blankets, and manufacturers may be able to turn out a few more for civilian use.

How easy it is to take care of a home equipped with **COPPER** and **BRASS**



HOME maintenance has never been more important than today when so many basic materials are reserved for war production. And how fortunate is the owner of a home equipped with durable Copper and Brass. How simple, indeed, are his maintenance problems!

Many a Victory Bond is being paid for today with the money durable, rustless Copper and Brass are saving home owners. Today's record production of Anaconda Copper and Brass is of course going entirely into war uses. But for the future, research concerned with development of alloys, new production techniques and new uses, is being carried on without interruption... promising that when peace returns, Anaconda Metals will be ready to play their leading and very important role in the home of tomorrow.

FLASHING—Copper flashing around chimneys, windows and dormers means no worry over rust holes letting in water which might leak through and damage the woodwork of your home.



PLUMBING—What a joy and comfort to have Brass-pipe or Copper-tube plumbing that can be counted on to deliver a full flow of rust-free water. No troublesome, costly upkeep.



GUTTERS AND LEADERS—If the gutters and down-spouts are Copper, cleaning out leaves in the fall is usually all that's needed. There's nothing to rust, to wear out—consequently nothing to "keep up".



HOT WATER TANK—No rust and rust expense worries here, either, if the tank is Everdur Metal—our high-strength weldable Copper-silicon alloy—used in so many quality water heaters.



SCREENS AND HARDWARE

Except for accidental damage, rustless Bronze screens will last for many years without attention. Bronze and Brass hardware should last indefinitely—merely oil locks and hinges yearly.



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Scrubbing toilet bowls is *not* your job. It's the job for Sani-Flush, which makes toilets sparkling white the quick, easy, sanitary way. From now on use Sani-Flush at least twice a week to remove unsightly stains and discolorations *without scrubbing*.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap. Each application cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants are needed. Does not injure septic tanks or their action nor harm toilet connections. (See directions on can.) Made in Canada. Sold everywhere—two convenient sizes. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS
TOILET BOWLS
WITHOUT
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**SHIRRIFF'S
NEW DESSERTS**



Plenty more—after the War

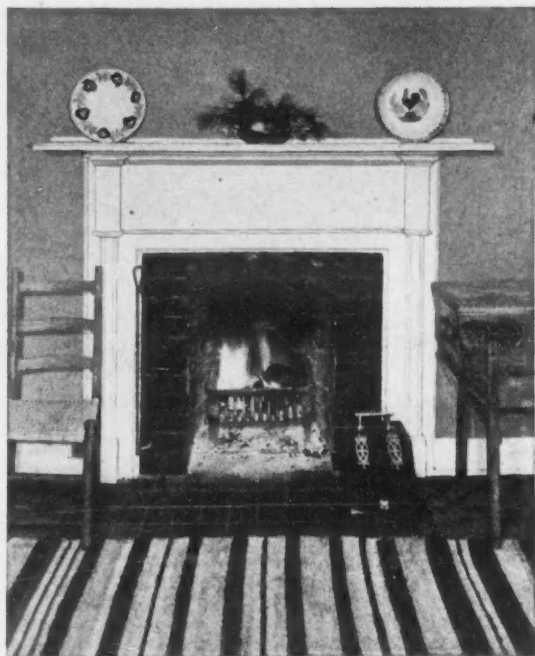
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UGLY SCRATCHES
AWAY!**

**Furniture
Shines Like New**

Have gloriously new-looking furniture—in one easy operation. Just apply this miracle polish and watch ugly scratches disappear—*your furniture will shine like new!*
At all stores.

**Old English
Scratch Cover
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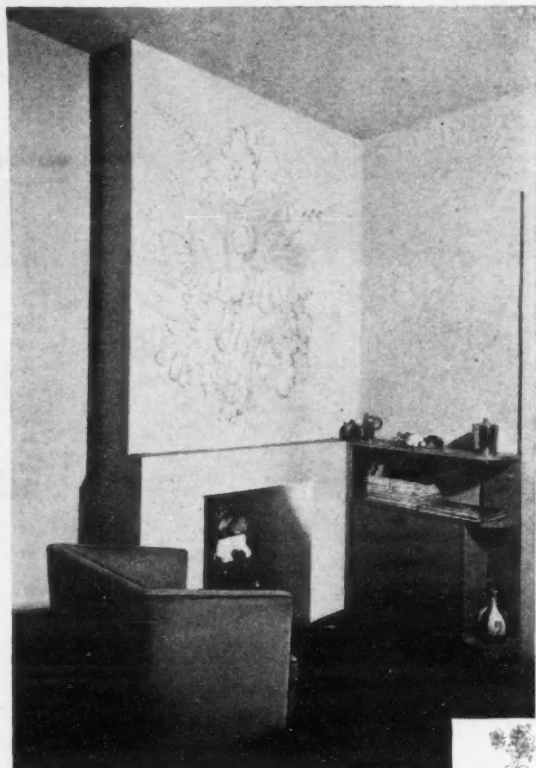
Made by the Makers of Old English Wax



IN THIS second treatment of the mantel shown on the previous page we have used some of those discovered pieces from the pantry shelves. Two old shallow French bowls, one floral and one with a gay cock, both colorful, are used to flank a low arrangement of greens and fruit in a quaint and lovely wood dish with carved horses' heads, (found in a secondhand shop).

If you want to emphasize a mantel of this kind, you are well advised to use a patterned wallpaper in good Colonial design.

The piece of furniture shown to the right of the fireplace is an old Canadian dough box which makes an admirable table for today's use or a beautiful catch-all for the family knitting and sewing.



QUITE A different problem presented itself here and one that necessitated rather drastic handling in order to bring it in line with the contemporary furnishings of the room. The existing mantel was badly covered with many coats of poor paint. To add to the complication it was pushed into the corner yet not across the corner, which would have been fun. Also it was a rented house. With permission, the mantel face was removed and stored in the basement for further use if the next tenant favored it, and a metal cap of simple line with shaped sides meeting the existing Victorian grate was applied. An oak woodbox, pulling out like a flour bin, and shelf for books tied up with the arrangement so that one no longer was conscious of a fireplace being pushed into a corner.



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SAFELY AND QUICKLY

You'll be delighted with the speed and almost effortless manner in which "Goddard's" removes tarnish. You can use it on your most precious silver with utmost confidence. It works wonders with chrome, glassware and mirrors, too.

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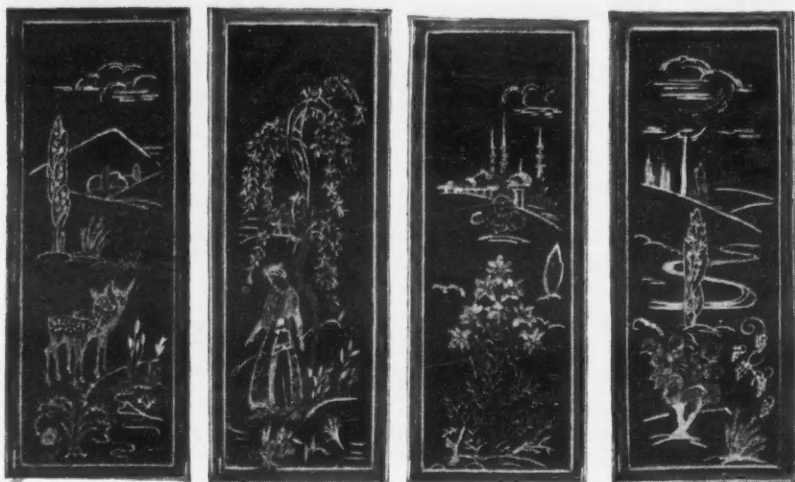
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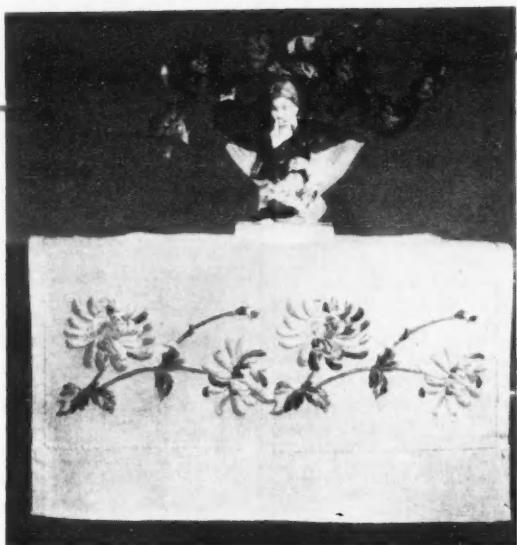
Solomon's "Song of Songs" is known and loved the whole world over, and some of its most exquisite lines are depicted in the four needlework panels shown above. Each picture is, of course, complete in itself, but the four make up the song. The first panel, "Be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountain of spices"; the second, "My love feedeth beside the river, among the lilies"; the third, "As the lily among thorns," and the fourth, "The fig tree putteth forth her green figs and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." Despite the beauty and rich coloring of these pictures, the work is not difficult and the stitches are all simple. Stamped on black taffeta silk, each picture is about 6 x 13 inches complete with correct colors for working, 75 cents each. Order No. 45c.

NEEDLECRAFT

FOR THE HOME

By Marie Le Cerf

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, enclosing postal note or money order. On out-of-town cheques please add fifteen cents for bank exchange.



Now's a good time to give thought to your dwindling stores of linen. If it's a table runner or dresser scarf you're needing, the above makes a pleasant bit of pickup work. Bright golden chrysanthemums form the design, which is stamped on heavy Irish linen in cream or deep ecru shade, size 18 x 40 inches. Price is \$1.00 and cottons for working come to 30 cents. Order No. 47c.



Silvo is silver's most flattering beauty treatment. It charms away every last trace of stain or tarnish.

"First Love"

If you possess this exquisite pattern from the workshops of International Silver, you will treasure it more than ever today since, if anything happened to it, it might be difficult to replace. So be sure to follow the advice of its makers and bring out its full lustrous beauty with Silvo, the bland polish which removes every trace of dimness or stain gently, quickly, safely! Use it on all your silver to make and keep it "good as new."



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ALMOST nothing ages a woman as quickly as "old-looking" skin. If yours is giving the impression you're older than you are—do this: try the remarkable, new-type Noxzema Cold Cream.

The very first time you use it you can tell it's different. Your skin feels cooler, tingling, stimulated! That's because Noxzema Cold Cream contains many special ingredients not found in

other leading beauty creams. That's why it gives such different results. Not only cleanses so thoroughly, quickly removes all makeup and dirt, but leaves the skin looking and feeling so much fresher... invigorated! Get Noxzema Cold Cream at any beauty counter and start using it today! 17¢, 29¢, 55¢ sizes.



FOR *Your* POST-WAR HOME

One thing that remains constant in the well furnished Canadian home is the life-long charm of Imperial Loyalist furniture. But war needs come first. Buy only essential pieces now — and invest in war savings. These savings will buy matching pieces of this lovable furniture when the war is won.



IMPERIAL LOYALIST

Made in Stratford, Canada, by

Imperial Rattan Co. Limited



LOOK FOR THIS BRAND ON EVERY PIECE

♦ Continued from page 46

can still get what one wants. I have always enjoyed my food. Now that I have few pleasures left, I do not let the little matter of a war interfere with me."

Rachel had a swift unwelcome vision of old women like this one, huddled by a roadside, groping in a dusty bundle for a crust of bread. She saw children in shattered dead towns, children with sunken eyes, leaden cheeks and distended bellies...

Something of this must have shown in her face, and the old woman was shrewd enough. She said, "I believe you are one of these Spartan young women, Miss Blake. I am disappointed. When I saw you in the teashop I found you most refreshing. Most. You had an air. You had style. So different from most of the young creatures who work so earnestly today. You must not take your war service too seriously, or let it change you too much."

"I think it is a serious war," Rachel said stiffly. "And I don't see how you can help—changing."

Philip frowned at her, a quick secret frown, and then said jovially, "Your first impression of her was correct, Mrs Courtney. The Spartan in her isn't paramount. But needs must when the devil and Mr. Bevin drive. We've got to put up with a fairly grim life for the time being, but the war won't last forever. When we're married, it will be very different."

Mrs. Courtney approved of that. She nodded and smiled at Rachel. "That is the right attitude. See you keep him up to it, my dear. A young and beautiful woman must know what her rights are, and always insist upon them. But I see you do—those are very lovely flowers you are wearing." Her eyes were on the clustered orchids which Rachel wore.

Philip smiled complacently. "Even nowadays, as you say, one can wring a few of the elegances from a reluctant world."

THEY WALKED back to the hostel. Rachel had insisted upon it, though Philip grumbled a little, pointing out that he still had to get back to London. But he soon recovered his good humor. The evening had left him elated. You didn't, he said, often come across a woman like that. What a life she had led! And an indomitable old hag. You had to hand it to her.

"The way she had said 'I am not interested in this war. It is drab and dull. This war has no style.' Just like that. And you really do feel that as far as she is concerned there isn't a war on."

"Do you admire her for that?" Rachel said.

Philip said no, he supposed he didn't. She must be a supreme egoist. But she was admirable in a way, preserving her standards so tenaciously. And after all, the life she had led...

"I don't think I'd care for the life she has led," Rachel said.

Philip answered comfortably, "Well, you needn't worry. You won't have it, sweet. We won't reach that standard unless I make a million. But when all this is over, we'll get a good many of the things we want."

"What do we want, Philip?"

Philip said, "Really darling, you're being a bit difficult tonight. You know, I think that old girl was not far wrong. This nursing is getting you down. I know you're forced to do a job of work while the war's on. But it is only temporary. When the war's over and I go back to my job, I'm going up and up. I'm quite sure of myself. I'll be able to

♦ Continued on page 60

NO JOB FOR A LADY!



Pretty hands don't need to scrub out toilet bowls! In a jiffy, Gillett's will flush away stains and incrustation. Just shake in. Bowl is left gleaming—clean, odorless. Gillett's clears clogged drains, too, cuts through dirt and grease, makes all messy cleaning jobs loads easier. Keep it handy.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

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KEEP EYE-GENE handy, always! Get a bottle of this safe, stainless eye lotion from your nearest Drug or Dime store...today!

EYE-GENE

2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS

Child Health Clinic



Colds in the Head

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

Sketches by Mary Hyrchenuk

WHEN THERE are small children in the family the winter season is generally dreaded because it usually means more colds. There are probably two reasons why colds are more common in the winter. The first is because we then spend far more time in the house, and when people congregate at close quarters colds spread more easily from one to another. Colds are probably caused by tiny germs, called viruses, and they are present in the secretions of the nose, at least in the early stages. The second reason why colds are common in the winter is that we are probably not so healthy then as we are in the summer-time. In the warm weather we reap the benefit of plenty of fresh air and sunshine and also we often eat more fresh fruits and vegetables.

So there seem to be two factors involved—our state of health and our exposure to other people who have colds. One of our big efforts, therefore, should be to see that our little folks get everything they need to keep them in top form. When your doctor advises it, they should have suitable cooked cereals, vegetables, eggs, meat and fruit added to their diets. All of these foods contain substances that your child needs for his health. Don't curtail your youngster's menu just because he doesn't seem to like this or that. If you start him in on his new foods gently, one at a time, you can teach him to like them—even though he registers disgust at first. It's quite surprising to see how many children refuse most vegetables, and how many parents accept this as unavoidable. You can train your youngster to eat everything if you really want to.

THEN YOUR youngster needs lots of fresh air. When he is a baby he should sleep outside every suitable day. When he learns to run around he should play outside whenever possible. Of course he will have to wear a warm coat and leggings or a snowsuit in the winter. He needs plenty of exercise too for really blooming health—and of course this is best taken out-of-doors. In the colder

nine months of the year the sunshine does not give him enough Vitamin D, so he should take it in some other form, preferably as fish-liver oil. For children over two years of age, one teaspoonful daily of cod-liver oil, provided it is made by a reputable firm, is sufficient. With the concentrated fish oils the dose is much smaller for the same amount of



Don't let your child sit on the floor. It's a chilly spot and no place for a youngster with a cold.

Vitamin D. You would be wise to ask your physician regarding the amount you should give to your baby and your toddlers. Your child should also be checked over by your physician at regular intervals to make sure his body is healthy.

As well as keeping him in the best condition possible, you should do your utmost to avoid exposing him to anyone who has a cold. Colds often make babies quite ill—so you should be especially careful with them. Babies and small children should not be taken into crowded stores, streetcars, theatres or other meeting places, as there will be sure to be some people with colds among the crowds, and usually the ventilation in such places is poor. That means that there will be more germs in the air. If anyone in your household catches a cold,

Vicks Scientists Perfect Home-Plan For You To Use This Winter!

Results in Clinically Supervised Tests
Among 2650 Children Delight Mothers



FROM their vast experience, Vicks Health Advisers and Scientists developed a simple home-guide—called Vicks Plan—that has proved its real worth in tests made among 2650 children under clinical supervision. Reports show that it resulted in fewer colds . . . shorter

colds . . . 50% less sickness from colds! Now this tested Vicks Plan is ready for you to use in dealing with colds.

Of course, Vicks Plan may do less for you and your family—or it may do even more! At a time like this it is certainly worth trying in your own home.

JUST 3 SIMPLE STEPS



1. Observe a Few Simple Health Rules . . . Live normally. Avoid excesses. Drink plenty of water. Keep elimination regular. Get needed rest and sleep. Avoid crowds, people who have colds.



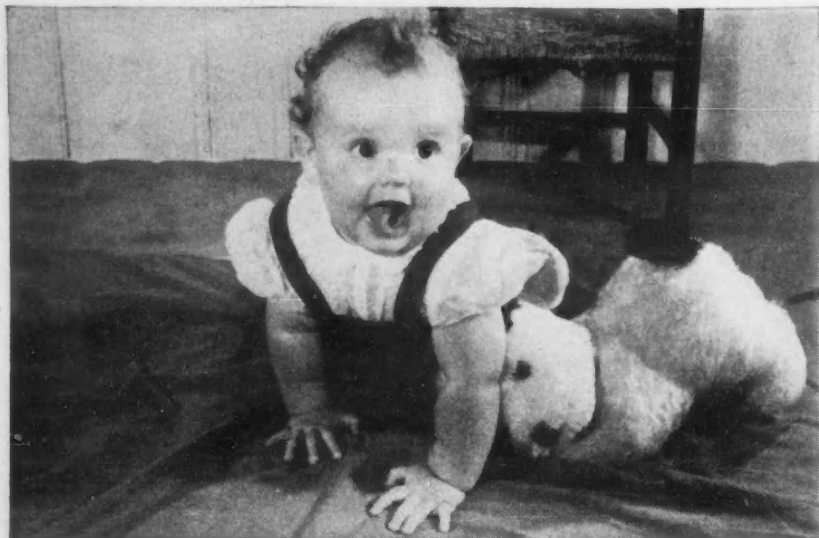
2. When a Cold Threatens . . . At the first warning sign—first sniffle or sneeze—use Vicks Va-tro-nol as directed. If used in time, a few drops of this specialized medication up each nostril aid nature's own defenses against colds—help prevent many colds from developing . . . clinic-tested VICKS VA-TRO-NOL.



3. If a Cold Should Develop . . . Some colds slip by all precautions. When one does, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its grand double-action starts to work at once and keeps on working for hours—invites restful sleep. And often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone . . . clinic-tested VICKS VAPORUB.

PUT VICKS PLAN TO WORK IN YOUR HOME TODAY

NOTE: Full details of Vicks Plan in your package of Vicks . . . If the miserable symptoms of a cold are not relieved promptly—or if more serious trouble seems to threaten—call in your family doctor right away.



"Pfthgobg!" says Mary...

Here's what Mary Ellen Gardner means, when she gives an interview:

"Just say I owe my success to Johnson's Baby Powder and Johnson's Baby Oil! They're why ladies in funny hats stop on the street and gurgle over my

wonderful, soft, smooth skin!

"Ever since I was a little girl, mother's been smoothing me with Johnson's Baby Oil. I don't mean every minute — matter of fact, lots of times she gives me cool sprinkles with Johnson's Baby Powder.

"Me — I love 'em both!"



"Now I'll tell it!" says Mary's mother, who's a nurse...

Mary's mother is Mrs. R. H. Gardner, Jr., a trained nurse. Mrs. Gardner says:

"Everybody in the medical profession knows the name Johnson & Johnson. That's why I chose their Baby Oil and

Baby Powder. When Mary's skin or scalp needs an oil lubricant, I use Johnson's Baby Oil. It's a pure mineral oil with lanolin... grand for baby skin.

"And when it's a case for a dry lubricant, I use Johnson's Baby Powder. It's soft and pure and cooling — wonderful for chasing away little chafes and prickles."



That's why nurses use
**← Johnson's Baby Oil and
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 on their own babies



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481 University Avenue, Toronto.

✦ Continued from page 58

give you back all the things you lost."

"We could be married now," Rachel said. "I don't want those things, Philip. We could be married now. I'm willing to risk it. But the truth is you aren't willing to make any sacrifices yourself. It isn't that you don't want me to make them. It couldn't be a harder life than the one I've lived for three years."

For a moment Philip was silent, then he said coldly, "What do you think I've been doing for the last two years? You know what my pay is. When I take you out, I spend a packet on you. I don't take you to the movies, you know. And orchids aren't picked like wild flowers. Are you suggesting that I'm mean?"

Rachel felt as if she were suffocating. But she was thrust into speech by a force she couldn't control. "There is a generosity which is worse than meanness," she said in a whisper. "It gives to satisfy the giver."

"I see. And when I bought you your ring, I suppose that was more satisfying to me than paying off my tailor who had been dunning me for months?"

She had watched his face when friends admired the ring, exclaimed at its size and beauty. A receipt from a tailor, pigeonholed and forgotten—what was that? Nothing for a man to boast about.

She pressed a hand to her hot forehead. I must not think these things. I must not say any more, she told herself violently. This is Philip, whom I have loved for so long, who was everything I thought I wanted.

She said, in a desperate way, "Let us sell the ring, Philip. I don't want all these things. I want very little. It's going to be a different kind of world after the war, Philip, a world where we won't serve ourselves or our personal selfish ambitions all the time. Those things we thought we must have. They're pre-war. Truly I'll be happy with less. We can be married straight away. If we sell the ring, we'll get enough money for furniture for a flat or..."

"Utility furniture," Philip said. "I don't think we would enjoy a utility marriage. Rachel, what is the matter with you?"

"I'm what is known as pocketing my pride," Rachel said on a queer harsh laugh. "I'm proposing to you. I'm proposing marriage. You merely proposed an engagement for the duration."

"Well, I feel very flattered," Philip laughed shortly. "You know there's nothing I'd like better than for this to be all over and for us to settle down."

"But only if it means you don't have to go without anything if you take on the responsibilities of a home and a wife and a family."

Philip said in cold anger, "Rachel, there has been a bit too much of this lately. I know you're worked to death, and I'm prepared to make every allowance for you. But I wish you'd try and be a bit more pleasant when we meet. I do my best to please you. But I'm afraid if you want to start marriage in a two-roomed flat, and a howling infant and washing in the kitchenette and part-time work, I don't. Try and see things reasonably. You are everything I want. You know I've never looked at another woman since I met you. But neither of us is built for the kind of thing you want to rush us into. I'm thinking of you as much as myself. When the war's over, there'll be a boom, and we won't have to wait long."

Rachel, overstrained, began to cry quietly, and after a little silence Philip took her in his arms.

✦ Continued on page 62

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Fashions of the Future Continued from page 54

Canada, for the next decade, will certainly not challenge the style supremacy of any of these countries; but she is due for tremendous expansion in this field as in many others. H. S. Greenwood, president of the Dress Manufacturers Guild of Montreal, points to the tremendous strides in the dress trade in this country since the war. Before the first Great War Canada made no dresses at all, turning out only a few skirts and blouses, suits and coats. Today in Quebec alone there are 300 manufacturers, making dresses. Many of Europe's designers have settled there, and Mr. Greenwood believes that the peculiar blend of Europe and America which French Canada has to offer should be the perfect union of the tastes and creativeness of both countries.

Alfandri, the Canadian designer, is one who believes that Paris will always be the style centre of the world, because it always has been the mecca of artists, and the centre of great art galleries and museums.

Some of the factors which will govern the coming changes in styling, as designers see them, are:

1. New and exciting fabrics with tremendous possibilities (i.e. light, pliable materials that are warm and windproof).

2. The coming air age, with Canada smack in the centre of things. While this does not mean that the average woman will immediately take to flying, the designers and manufacturers will, and so the World Age of Fashion will come into being.

3. Such great simplification and modernization of household duties that so-called "work" clothes will no longer be essential. More women will have more time for activities outside the home and therefore will need more outdoors clothes for sport, leisure, business.

4. Great leaps forward in health, which will bring home as never before the importance of sun and air, exercise, etc. The styling of clothing for health as well as beauty and utility.

5. The mass realization of the age-old desire of women to be beautiful, to wear gay colors and to be smartly dressed, which only a percentage have achieved in the past.

6. The pent-up desire for leisure and holidays and entertainment that war years have curbed, and the return of men from overseas, which will make women gayer and lovelier than ever before.

7. The new appreciation of the smartness of good tailoring, learned from wearing and watching uniforms. +

Attention, Housewives!

The paper shortage is critical.

The last appeal from our Salvage Committee met with such overwhelming response they had all to call a halt. Now those supplies are used up. Once more the need is acute.

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From the day a soldier goes to war, paper is his indispensable ally.

On salvage day, make your bundle of waste paper the biggest on the street.

"Maybe it's YOU who should stand in the corner"



1. That's what I said to my husband when I got home last night . . . and I meant it. My patience was just about exhausted. There were Billy and his father in another of their "laxative rows" . . . Billy sobbing his heart out and saying that he wouldn't take "that nasty stuff" . . . his father insisting Billy'd take it or else!



2. And "or else" was to make the child stand in the corner until he gave in. "Now Jack," I argued, "if Billy hates the medicine so, there must be something wrong. Maybe Janet can help us—she's a nurse, and she ought to know."



4. "You see, Castoria is made especially for children. It contains no harsh drugs, so it's mild and gentle yet effective. It won't upset a child's delicate system. That's why Castoria is recommended for children from babyhood to 10 years."



6. And that was the end of our laxative troubles. Billy not only took his Castoria—he liked it! As for Jack—well, he says discovering Castoria for the boy has done him as much good as it has Billy.



3. Janet gave me the answer over the phone. "There!" I said. "She says it's wrong to force bad-tasting medicine on a child. And she told me to get Castoria. It has such a pleasant taste, there's no need for forcing. Children like it."



5. Our druggist had some advice to give me, too. "At this season, when colds are prevalent," he said, "there's apt to be more need for a children's laxative. And I suggest Castoria in the money-saving Family Size bottle."



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

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a sore throat, tonsillitis, bronchitis, or the flu, keep him as far away from baby as you can. Don't go to visit a baby or small child when you have a cold. Your cold germ may not make you feel very sick, but it might make a baby critically ill. Any acute infection in a baby upsets its digestive system, which means a definite setback for him.

What if you, baby's mother, catch a cold? If you have anyone else in the house who could look after baby for a few days, let her do so by all means, although of course you should still continue with your breast-feeding. When you do so or when you do anything for baby, you should wear a mask made of one layer of flannelette. All you need is a piece about seven inches square—turn in the sides and sew tapes to the corners, long enough so you can tie them around your head. You would be wise to make about three of these—so that you don't need to wear one of them more than half a day or so. They should be washed and boiled for a few minutes. When they are dry, they are ready for use again. Masks made only of gauze do not catch the germs nearly so effectively. Of course you naturally would cover your nose and mouth when you cough or sneeze, as this limits the spread of the germ-laden spray. You would be wise to use paper tissue handkerchiefs, as they can be burned up, germs and all.

In some cities anyone caught spitting in the street is liable to a fine. Spitting except into a toilet or a disposable paper handkerchief is a filthy habit. Spit or sputum contains germs. It dries up and then it is blown about in the dust, or you may tramp on the damp sputum and carry some of the germs into your own house. Some people suffering from active tuberculosis go about, quite unaware that they have this disease. Their sputum, of course, is highly dangerous. Just to think about a few of these points makes one resolve never



In wintertime there isn't enough Vitamin D in sunshine to take care of your child's needs.

to spit again in public, even though unobserved.

What if your baby or toddler catches a cold? The only safe thing to do is to put him to bed where you can keep him warm and under the covers. If he is a toddler this may mean a great deal of supervision. Small children like to sit on the floor. It's a chilly spot and no place for a child with a cold. You should not put baby or junior into the tub when he has a cold—give him a sponge bath instead. If he is feverish, consult your doctor. Do not take him out, even in a car, when he has a cold—unless indeed it is necessary to bring him to your physician's office. After he is quite better, he should go out only for 15 minutes the first day. Lengthen the time gradually for the first three or

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Dr. Robertson will be pleased to answer questions on Child Health and Care. Please do not ask for prescriptions or feeding formulas. Address your questions to Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. *

It Won't be a Stylish Marriage

Continued from page 60

"You're tired. That's what's the matter with you, Darling, pull yourself together. Here's my handkerchief. Rachel . . . sweet, stop crying. I've got to go, if I'm to catch that last train."

They were in the lane which led to the hostel, and Rachel, recovered after a minute, said tonelessly, "I seem to have made rather a fool of myself."

"You have rather," Philip agreed, in relief. "Let me take you in. And then I'll have to run. I'll telephone you tomorrow when you come off duty."

He caressed her tear-wet cheek gently. "Have you got over your nonsense now?"

"Yes. I think I'm quite over it now," Rachel said slowly. "Good-by, Philip. And thank you for the orchids."

PHILIP telephoned the next evening as he had promised, and after asking how she was he said, with an excitement which even the telephone wires conveyed, "Darling, is there any chance of your getting your twenty-four hours off to cover next Wednesday evening? A fellow here, rather a big shot, wants to meet you, and has asked us to a show at his place. Can do?"

"I'm afraid I won't be able to come, Philip," Rachel said. Odd that her voice should sound so calm, so ordinary, when her heart was hammering. "I—I have an appointment for next Wednesday."

"Well, break it. Say your wifely duties and all that come first."

"I don't want to break it, Philip."

"What do you mean you don't want to?"

"Just that. I'm rather looking forward to it."

"It must be something very special." Philip's tone had altered.

"It is."

"May I ask what this important engagement is?"

"Well, it may not seem important to you. I'm going to the cinema with one of the doctors from the hospital."

"The cinema? Have you gone crazy? What's behind all this? Rachel, are you still playing up?"

"Philip, I've written to you. My dear—I'm sorry. But I'm breaking our engagement. I didn't want to say it like this, over the telephone. I've explained in my letter. I—I don't want your kind of marriage, Philip. It—it has no style. I'm sorry. Good-by, Philip."

She put down the telephone receiver and after a little while she stopped shaking.

Her roommate, sharp-eyed, was lying on her bed, reading a thriller. But Blake, she often thought, was as good as a book. She had glamour and things happened to her. She said, "You look queer. As if you've just had a stomach pump, and the patient is quite empty but feeling more comfortable now, thank you, nurse."

"Something like that," Rachel admitted. *



THIS IS OUR BATTLE, TOO!

"Everything is different, now, that I've joined the Canadian Women's Army Corps, happier, more interesting. I'm doing a great job and doing it perhaps much better than a man could do it—and for the first time in my life I'm really seeing Canada."

Yes, work in the C.W.A.C. is bright, happy and interesting. And the opportunities for promotion are good. In addition to your regular pay you receive a special amount for personal requisites and your dependents receive regular army allowances as well. Yes, when you join the C.W.A.C. you find a new life, a life worth living.

Canadian Women's Army Corps

A Guest Editorial

By VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, M.P.

YOUR Canadian boys are wonderful lads. I always knew this, having spent four and a half years with and among the Canadians in the last war, and naturally I rejoiced to have them with us again here. I have seen a good deal of this new generation of fighting men since the first troopships docked in 1939. In the spring of 1940 with my husband, the Lord Mayor of Plymouth, I saw the Canadian Army off from that city—it was a good rousing send-off too, because I had searched every shop in town for mouth organs, and I think there were at least 400 of these in operation at once. (To my horror all the mouth organs were producing the same din the next day, when the Canadians came back to Plymouth and France was crumbling.)

Since then I have watched the Canadian Army and made what I trust will be lasting friendships with many of the individuals who comprise this great fighting machine. No one who has been in close touch with them as I have can help but be impressed with the way these boys have stood the boredom and rigors of training for over four years. Their spirit is unquenchable. Even when they are seriously ill in hospital they rarely lose their cheerful responsiveness which makes them undefeatable. I know this because ever since your Canadian Red Cross hospital at Cliveden was opened I have seldom been away from them for long. Our first patients were mostly motorcycle accident cases—in fact the men called the motorbike "Hitler's secret weapon." I have watched their endurance and patience, for everybody knew the Canadians could fight—that was what they came over for—but their cheerfulness and courage in adversity and illness, whether on the home front or back from Sicily, has been a genuine inspiration. By way of cheering them, I tell them they are nearly as brave as the old ladies who have endured the bombardments of Plymouth these last four years. They laugh and say I could pay them no greater compliment.

You people at home should be comforted by the knowledge that your men are so well looked after. From my close association with this fine Canadian hospital here, I would say that nowhere in the whole civilized world could a sick or wounded man receive better care, more tender skill than in such establishments staffed by your cheerful nursing sisters and doctors, and equipped according to your high standards.

The other day I said good-by to several score of men who were home-ward bound to continue their treatment and convalescence in Canada. Most of them had never had a chance to fight the enemy, and it is a bitter disappointment to them to return home without having matched their skill and training against the Nazi. These men need cheering up. I hope you, their families and friends in Canada, will not overwhelm them with pity and the wrong kind of sympathy. When you are down, the person who helps you most is the one who sees past your immediate trouble to the better things ahead. Tears and pity will not help these men, but fun and arguments will. They love news and political discussions; and a good hearty fight between Manitoba and Nova Scotia from adjacent beds is something that every ward enjoys. In these several years around our hospital here I have tried local fights, provincial fights, East and West fights, and finally international fights. The one thing that will arouse a sick man and help him forget his personal depression is a little well-aimed abuse of his home town. No Canadian will take that, and I love them for it. Remember that they have trained for three or four years and then to have the bad luck to go home ill is the hardest thing asked of the Canadian fighting man. So let them know that you understand. I wish I could see them again every one.

Editor's Note: To hundreds of Canadians in our armed services Lady Astor is not just a famous name but a warm and vivid personality, a friend who perches on the edge of a hospital bed and threatens, scolds, teases and laughs with the occupant. The Canadian Red Cross hospital of which she speaks is situated in a beautiful corner of the Astors' estate, Cliveden, which overlooks the upper reaches of the River Thames.

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